

The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

Vol. GLXXXII. No. 2368

London
November 13, 1946



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THE TATLER

LONDON
NOVEMBER 13, 1946

and BYSTANDER
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One Shilling and Sixpence
Vol. CLXXXII. No. 2368



Alexander Bender

Elizabeth Allan Returns To The West End

Elizabeth Allan comes back to the West End stage in *And No Birds Sing* by Jenny Laird and John Fernald, which opens at the Aldwych on November 14. Co-starring with her is Harold Warrender, son of the late Vice-Admiral Sir George Warrender and the late Lady Maud Warrender, who served as Lieut.-Commander in the R.N.V.R. during the war, and became well known to radio listeners as Quiz-master in the "Merry-Go-Round" programme. *And No Birds Sing* is the play which was seen by the King and Queen and the Princesses in Edinburgh last July, while they were staying at Holyroodhouse. It has since been on a successful tour in the provinces. Elizabeth Allan, whose last West End appearance was in *Tomorrow the World*, is married to Mr. W. J. O'Bryen, who is casting director for Sir Alexander Korda



Portraits in Print

Simon Harcourt-Smith

ALTHOUGH hardly a week has gone by, it is not easy to recapture the precise brilliance of that frosty morning. The sky is no longer steel cold, nor infinitely high. Grey clouds that seem to breathe equality, so like is the drabness of one to that of the next, "hedge-hop" across a sullen countryside; the leaves which lately encrusted the hedges like golden icicles, have been pulled down into the mud by the persistent drizzle of the last eighteen hours, to form there a pale, sodden mash. The cold (for the moment) no longer wakes one early. But with its retreat has vanished the full dress of autumn.

Lydiard Tregoz

How then, beneath such a sky, shall I ever pin to a glossy page the magnanimous elation with which the frost filled me as I drove to Lydiard Tregoz? The whiteness of the early fields was a mirror for the autumn sunlight; and the hedges were of a white so dazzling, as one looked down on to the Vale, that all the normal conventions of a southern English landscape seemed to be overturned.

Instead of bright fields limited by a darker green, it was whitish fields enclosed by hedges infinitely whiter, giving that strange effect of reversed colour-values which we sometimes

sentries' faces made one wonder how free they felt themselves. . . .

The concrete track ended suddenly and we were bumping across the brittle grass. An overgrown avenue led through a wood which seemed so tangled and virgin, how could one imagine Pope in his last years, or the Elder Pitt, in his discreetly bumptious youth passing along here? Then suddenly, at an angle, the southern front of the house came into view, and one could believe in the presence of an incalculable number of illustrious ghosts, from the most illustrious age this island has ever known.

For Lydiard Tregoz, in its final form, was the creation of Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke (1678-1751), the spoiled and exasperating pet of his age, who succeeded with a vengeance in attaining the ambition with which his friend Swift once credited him—of becoming the Alcibiades of his time.

Bolingbroke

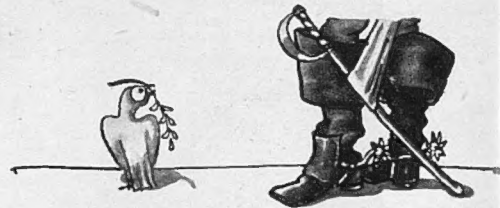
LIKE Alcibiades, Bolingbroke possessed almost every quality that can be fairly demanded of friend, lover, public figure. Beauty, charm and wit sang in him a trio which was but the orchestral accompaniment to an intelligence remarkable even for a remarkable age. Like Alcibiades, he could boast some of the noblest blood in his country—no drawback, this, if it be not your only claim to notice, but merely sustain other virtues. Had not Lydiard Tregoz come to the St. Johns through the match of one of them in Henry VI's time with Lady Margaret Beauchamp, who by her later marriage with the Duke of Somerset became the grandmother of the first Tudor Sovereign of England—Henry VII?

Like Alcibiades, Henry Bolingbroke could subdue the women of his fancy, and the friends of his taste. Like Alcibiades, he was the author of unsuccessful military expeditions towards the West. Alcibiades wasted the strength of Athens in the absurd venture against Syracuse. Henry Bolingbroke frittered away power we could ill spare on attempts against Canada and the West Indies. Like Alcibiades again, his conversation entranced his contemporaries; like him, on one occasion he was forced to flee abroad, and to be regarded as a traitor.

But Bolingbroke never helped England's enemies as Alcibiades tried to help Persia against Athens. At his worst he merely advised the rightful King of England, the Old Pretender—if we do not accept the infallibility of the "Glorious Revolution"—on how to regain his throne from a dynasty which for all its extraordinary qualities of courage and shrewdness seemed in the eyes of most Englishmen and all Scotsmen of spirit to be interlopers.

Peacemaker

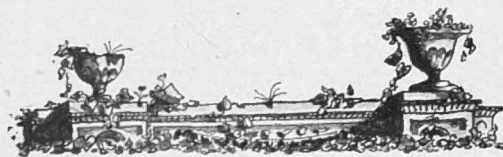
HIS Treaty of Utrecht (1712) negotiated at the age of thirty-four, when he occupied the post of Secretary of State for the Northern Department (corresponding to Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs since the reform of the Foreign Office in 1783) has been decryd by the conventional school of Whig historians as a betrayal. But it is a Foreign Secretary's task to make his policy the issue of a marriage between the will of the people and the security of these islands. By ending hostilities, on terms lenient enough to be rapidly acceptable to France, and which at the same time brought these islands advantages far from contemptible, Bolingbroke interpreted the mood of the British people who realized that the main object of the war had long since been achieved—the breaking of Louis XIV's menace by Marlborough's victories in the field. But Marlborough, like so many men whom war brings into their own, had no notion how to make peace. Peace for the great war leader means all the boredoms of wound licking, the obscurity of daily undramatic torments, a restriction of the space in which a great spirit may rove. But to Bolingbroke peace was the natural, the desirable state. He was not really an Alcibiades, he was his other chosen figure from Antiquity—Petronius Arbiter, the brilliant failure of Nero's



age, a man who could only shine in an atmosphere of peace.

Bolingbroke's story is a moral of how the world goes. Through all his active life he out-blazed his heavy schoolmate, Robert Walpole. Yet Walpole, lacking Bolingbroke's culture, looks, conversation (he always, he said, talked bawdy at table, so that everyone should understand), remained for a generation Prime Minister of this country; while Bolingbroke, in his old age, became no more than a magnificent political theorist, and the renovator of Lydiard Tregoz.

Nothing will perhaps better bring out the inability of Bolingbroke's and Walpole's generation to build badly, than consideration of the two houses in which the same architect, Colin Campbell, probably had a hand, Lydiard Tregoz for the exquisite Henry Bolingbroke, and Houghton in Norfolk for the coarse Sir Robert Walpole. The second is no doubt the more important. But let us be just. It gains immeasurably from being lived in, from the fairy-tale beauty of the furniture and the decoration by William Kent. In contrast, the misfortune which assails everything connected with Henry Bolingbroke, so that even as I write the staircase of his London house at Battersea is about to pass through the cold hands of the auctioneer, has stripped Lydiard Tregoz of its furniture, brought some ceilings down, caused the lake to burst its banks, and the roof to gape. Yet on the whole I would rather have Lydiard Tregoz in all its neglect than many



get from holding a photographic negative up to the sun. The beautiful blonde Norwegian on the dazzling southern beach looks like a negress in the middle of an asphalt lake.

We found our way to Lydiard Tregoz by the signs which announced the p.o.w. convalescent hospital in what was, I believe, once part of the park. What, I wondered, was there to distinguish prisoners from guards, except a palisade of barbed wire? On either side of the palisade the huts were unnecessarily ugly; while the boredom, the sense of futility on the

a house more prosperous. It is the comparative modesty of its size, allied to the extreme elegance of its detail, and a southern prospect for the main façade which lends the house its peculiar beauty. And it is in a way literally "le palais de la belle au bois dormant."

The Beauty of Decay

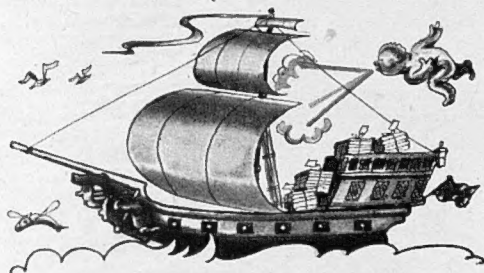
THERE is a strange excitement in flinging wide the shutters of deserted, unknown rooms. Will they turn out disappointing, highly overrated, or provide a new revelation of beauty? From the sparkling garden the milk-white sunlight suddenly bursts in, with the force of a great wave. You are knocked off your feet. Then you gradually become conscious of a tall chimney-piece, and lying on its back under it a marble bust of Bolingbroke signed by that splendid sculptor John Michael Rysbrack (1692-1770): of graceful vaulting; of beautiful plasterwork (conventionally ascribed to Italians, but I would wager it is West of England work): or in one room, a sumptuous scarlet flock paper probably from Bolingbroke's time, parts of which American soldiers have lately torn off for "souvenirs." More than a hundred of them broke into the house during the war, but did less damage than was at first reported. The caretaker arrived just in time to stop them carrying off one of the marble chimneypieces as a small memento.

The whole house and the little church behind it, with the wonderful statue of the "Golden Cavalier"—Edward St. John killed in 1645 during the Civil War—speak with a voice passionate, warm, poetic, speculative. This little palace has lately become the property of Swindon Municipality who have already carried out certain repairs. I trust they will put the house to some worthy use.

The American Elections

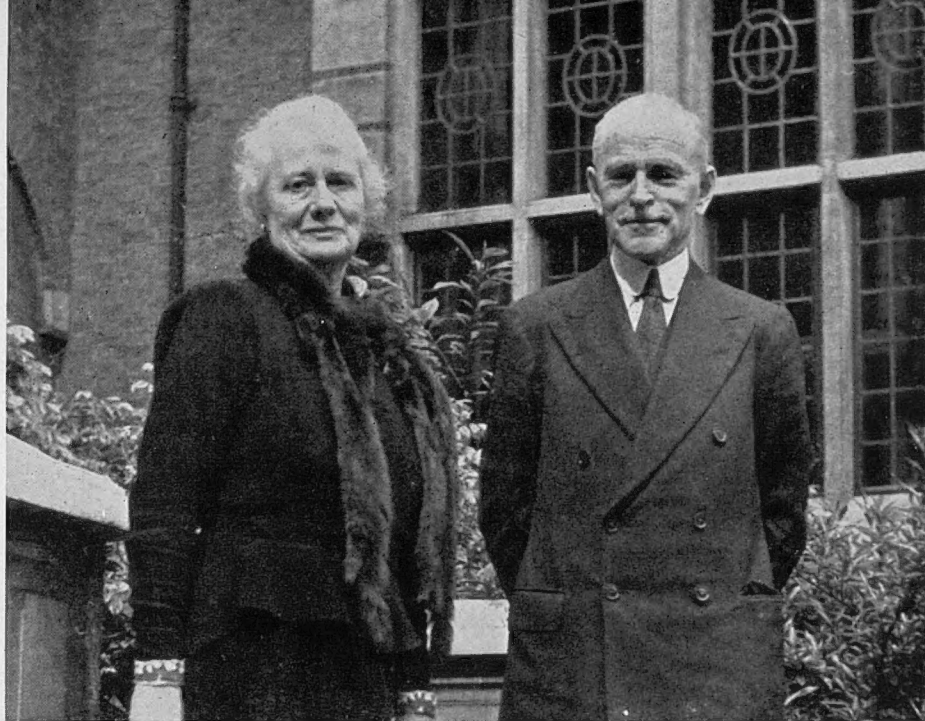
BY the time this article appears, we shall know the results of the American mid-term elections. All the experts predict a Republican majority in the House of Representatives at least. They prophesy that President Truman will even lose his home State of Missouri. Poor President! Well, this we are told is the Age of the Common Man, of the Little Man. President Truman is the archetype of the Average Man, and a nice mess, in the opinion of his countrymen, he seems to have made of power.

Being like any swell guy on any Main Street is, I fear, hardly adequate qualification for highest office in these hard times. You have got to be rather larger than life, like the late Mr. Roosevelt, or be the adroit, discreet, ideal chairman of committees, like Mr. Attlee. . . .



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Here at home would-be readers of the "Tatler" may meet with difficulties in placing their order. But the "Tatler" is also an export. Your friends overseas can be supplied without delay. What better Christmas gift? A greetings card will be sent with the first copy if desired. Subscription rates on application to: The Publishers, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, W.C.1.



H.E. The Norwegian Ambassador and Mme Colban

AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S

FEW diplomats in the world see their position more dramatically transformed in a few hours than did His Excellency Monsieur Erik Andreas Colban, Norway's first Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary at the Court of St. James's in 1940. From being the envoy who wrote Whitehall demanding that the Royal Navy should promise to behave better in the future, he became overnight the honoured representative of a staunch and powerful Ally. Indeed, Norway rendered services far beyond any that could normally be expected of a population of but three million.

Just over six years ago he handed over a note protesting against violation of Norwegian neutrality by H.M.S. Cossack, which, entering a Norwegian fjord, rescued 300 British prisoners from the German auxiliary ship Altmak, removed from hulls sunk by the Graf Spee. Lord Halifax argued that Germany had been given unfair advantages in Norwegian territorial waters. Colban, as instructed, retorted firmly. Indeed, Norway even expected Britain to surrender the prisoners, who had by now landed in Leith.

MOREOVER, he informed Halifax that Norway offered to bring the Altmak case before the League of Nations. While all these pleasantries were proceeding, Hitler provided the Norwegian envoy in London with serious work. His navy and army invaded pitifully unprepared Norway. Norway at once became our fighting friend.

Yesterday's notes were forgotten. In the study of his Embassy (then Legation) at the back of Kensington Palace, the slim, grey-haired, pensive diplomatist saw a fantastic metamorphosis. Norway, a kingdom since 872, ruled skilfully by Haakon VII for thirty-five years, was almost over-run, her King and Government reached friendly Britain as exiles. And Colban's Embassy in Millionaires' Row (the official address is Palace Green, Kensington) became a part-palace where King Haakon VII received visitors in audience.

The war shock was startling, for none of the envoys at the Court of St. James's was more studiously inclined, or enjoyed more the pleasure of sitting in his placid office and reading Blue Books and informative volumes.

Now let us glance at Colban's career. Son of an army captain in Oslo, he graduated in his native city, in 1899, at twenty-three. Soon he joined the Home Department, and, when Norway secured her freedom from Sweden (by a friendly act of separation) he chose a secretaryship in the Norwegian Foreign Office. Norwegians were not popular in

Sweden, and Colban had to step warily in Stockholm where he went as Secretary of Legation. After a stay at Rio de Janeiro Colban returned to Oslo.

THEN began the long, notable, colourful association with the League of Nations that was to be his main contribution to the world from 1919 to 1930. None in Europe knows more about mandates; none knows more of disarmament struggles, for these were his particular concerns as director.

But disappointments were acute, and the slim student, who looked the typical professor at a respectable university, went to Paris as Minister in the slump-year 1930. Four years later he was promoted to London.

Posts of importance in London followed in association with UNO, whose birth-pangs he could understand, and perhaps explain. None has so devoted an interest to the study of world peace and none is more competent to pass judgment on the historical issues.

Often this man of books remains late at night in his office. The windows reach down to the floor and around him are volumes, in rich and plain bindings, on every conceivable intellectual subject. A picture of the explorer and humanitarian, Nansen, shines like a beacon beneath the imposing ceiling. There are paintings of fjord scenes, of the Colbans' son and daughter.

EVENING is here, and soon Colban will retire to his austere home. He will be able to enjoy his leisurely hobby in complete peace. Has he not given his services to his brave little country for the requisite number of years, with competence and skill? Norwegians who greet him home will think of the calm, skilful manner in which he represented them during the endless years when they were being hunted down, shot and murdered.

In turn Colban will doubtless recall, silently, the efficiency with which he helped the Allies to secure almost all the ships of the five-million-ton Norwegian merchant marine. He will know that the ships in 1940 and 1941 saved the Allied cause. He will smile, through professorial eyes, inwardly aware of his devotion to the ideal international concord and the seeking of peace.

George Bilainkin.

JAMES AGATE

At The Pictures

That Royal Performance

THERE are times when I wish I had been born with the gift of insincerity. I wasn't, alas! Some little time ago an old Yorkshire friend took me over his stables and carefully explained how each animal in turn would prove to be, if it wasn't now, the wonder and the marvel of the Hackney world. "What do you think of them?" he asked. I said, "You've got one first-rate and one promising animal. The rest of the thirty-six aren't worth a damn."



Yes, I am a blurter-out of truth. And now I am faced with having to tell readers of the *Tatler* what I think about that Royal Film Performance at the Empire.

A CLEVERER man than I am would realize that just as there are horses for courses so there are different kinds of critical truth for different occasions. He would recognize that this was a national "do," that the nation concerned was Great Britain, and that all the idiotic newspaper fuss about what frock this film star would wear and what that film star's jewels were worth was entirely right and proper.

Opening next morning's paper he would have agreed that the previous night's mass hysteria, the casualties which resulted in the foyer being turned into a first-aid station, and the inability of the police to do more than prevent things from being worse were only to be expected. A critic of this calibre would proceed to ask himself what kind of film would be correct to show on such an occasion. A work of art? Hang it, he would say to himself, this is a national occasion and nobody wants the thing to be a flop. Wherefore he would refrain from saying that Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger's *A Matter of Life and Death* was the worst big film he had ever seen. Or, if he must say it, it would be in support of the view that the worst big film was exactly right for the occasion.

According to the preliminary literature the

picture is a "stratospheric joke told against the background of Two Worlds, photographed in Technicolor and monochrome." Well, why not? Don't jokes and jamborees go together? And then the diplomatic fellow—I am still talking of the ideal critic—would, I think, take refuge in divagation, and launch into an essay on the difference between the earth-bound joke and the joke stratospheric. Whereas I, clumsy fool, cannot help pointing out that (a) matters of life and death are not jokes stratospheric or otherwise, and (b) that the function of any kind of joke is to be funny. And this film is deadly serious. All about an air-pilot who simultaneously meets with an accident and a pretty girl, and finds himself between life and death thinking, as Damon Runyon would say, of this and that, and one thing and another, especially things that have proved most confusing to many citizens.

In other words, it is all a dream. Whereupon I blunderingly suggest that the function of dreams is to be poetic. But the Powells and Pressburgers of this world know better. Remembering *Cabin in the Sky*, they realize what must be the fate of any film about the Hereafter which should leave the safe ground of flat thinking and even flatter imagination. Doubtless it was for this reason that they caused their hero to dream after the manner of film fans. To postulate Heaven as a Palais de Danse swollen to the size of Wembley Stadium with New York's Grand Central Station thrown in. (I shouldn't have been in the least surprised if at any moment Fred Astaire had come twinklingly on.) How does one get to this Paradise? Obviously by means of an escalator about five hundred times the size of those in use in our London tubes. And what does this Elysium look like when you get there? The answer is a speculative builder's ecstasy of lath and plaster with an odd suggestion of Hollywood's Bowl!

WHAT happens to the pilot in his dream? He becomes the subject of legal proceedings. Is he, an Englishman, a fit mate for an American girl? Here the film becomes a welter of singularly ill-timed Anglo-American bickerings. America taunts this country with

the Crimean War, the Zulu War, the Boer War, and the troubles with Ireland after the last war; we reply by throwing in America's face the things of which we have disapproved. (Did P. and P. conveniently forget about lynching?) Now I hold that this cannot possibly do good and may easily do harm. Why show at a Royal Performance a film which is, on balance, anti-British? Is the production good? I have no opinion. The highbrows may talk about "visual narrative" and "cinematic sense"; I just don't and won't associate the Hereafter with something that would have ravished the soul of Madame Tussaud.

The acting? I can only say that to wipe this picture from my memory I went in the evening to the Dominion to see a revival of *Kentucky*. The visit was entirely successful. The acting of Walter Brennan as the old horse-fancier had so much warmth, vigour and naturalness that I remembered nothing of the antics to which the afternoon's players had been condemned.

It must be thirty years, perhaps more, since I saw *Le Bois Sacré*, that delicious extravaganza by Flers and Caillavet. Neither of these exquisite fun-makers appears in Farquarson Sharp's *Biographical Dictionary of Foreign Literature*, presumably because both were wits and Everyman is scared by wit. (What should we think of a French Dictionary which omitted Wilde?) Caillavet died in 1915 at the age of forty-six. Flers, if he is still alive, has turned eighty. But their wit remains as young as ever, and the film at Studio One enhances it. It is magnificently played by Gaby Morlay, Elvire Popesco, Victor Boucher and André Lefaur.

Question: Why cannot we produce films like this? Answer: Because we have neither the material nor the players. And then there's that precious possession of ours—the Censor. "Je pensais que si j'étais esturgeon et si mademoiselle était esturgeonne il y aurait énormément de caviar cette saison." No, I can't see an English censor passing that.



DEBORAH KERR

Photographed by
Fred Daniels

Deborah Kerr, who for the last few years has been one of the most popular of young British film actresses, has been kept hard at work in the studios. She has just finished making the film version of Rumer Godden's novel *Black Narcissus*, in which she plays the part of Sister Clodagh. The film, which is produced and directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, is in Technicolor. She is off to America shortly to make a film for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and between making arrangements for the forthcoming visit has also been busy rehearsing for the Royal performance of *A Matter of Life and Death*, which took place on November 1. Deborah Kerr made her name in *Love on the Dole* in 1941, but her greatest success was the Technicolor film, *The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp*, in which she played all three of the consecutive leading feminine roles. Most recently she has been seen in *Perfect Strangers* and *I Saw a Dark Stranger*. She is the wife of Squadron Leader Anthony Barclay, D.F.C., whom she married last year.





Straight Plays

AND NO BIRDS SING. A comedy. Elizabeth Allan as a woman doctor whose progressive ideas do not meet with the authorities' approval, with Harold Warrender. Aldwych, Aldwych, W.C.2. 6.45; Weds., Sats., 2.30.

RUTH DRAPER. A personal visit of that great American artist. Apollo. Nov. 4 for four weeks. Mats. only. Mons., Tues., Thurs., Fri., Sats., 2.30.

GRAND NATIONAL NIGHT. Leslie Banks as a pleasant murderer who has the audience on his side, with Hermione Baddeley in a dual role. Apollo, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2. 6.45; Weds., 2.30; Sats., 6, 8.30.

A PHENIX TOO FREQUENT. From Nov. 20. Arts Great Newport St., W.C.2. 9; Sats., 3, 5.30.

THE RISING SUN. Produced by Beatrix Lehmann. Story of the struggle of a small shopkeeper translated from the Dutch. Arts, Great Newport St. 6.30; Sats., 9.

PICK-UP GIRL. Semi-documentary which takes place in a court for juvenile delinquency, very powerfully put over. Casino Theatre, New Compton St., W.1. 6.45; Sats., 5.30, 8.15; Weds., 2.30.

VANITY FAIR. With Claire Luce as Thackeray's attractive and mercenary heroine, and Victoria Hopper. Comedy. Pantons St., W.C.2. 7; Tues., Thurs., Sats., 2.45.

THE GUINEA-PIG. Humour and some serious thought based on the Fleming Report on public schools. Criterion, Piccadilly Circus, W.1. 6.30; Tues., Sats., 2.30.

MESSAGE FOR MARGARET. Emotion and conflict between the wife and mistress of a dead man both with the names of Margaret. Flora Robson as the wife. Duchess, Catherine St., Aldwych, 7; Thurs., Sats., 2.30.

IS YOUR HONEYMOON REALLY NECESSARY? Ralph Lynn on a precarious second honeymoon, with Elsie Randolph as his cheerfully unwanted first wife. Duke of York's, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2. 6.30; Weds., Sats., 2.45.

THE DAY OF GLORY. H. E. Bates's moving play of a family during the Battle of Britain, with Raymond Huntley and Mary Morris. Embassy, Swiss Cottage, 7; Thurs., 2.30; Sats., 4.45, 7.45.

FOOLS RUSH IN. Derek Farr, Glynis Johns, Joyce Barbour, in another "quiet wedding" story. Fortune, Covent Garden, W.C.2. 6.45; Weds., Sats., 2.30.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT. John Gielgud as an idealist murderer in stage version of Dostoevski's novel. Globe, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2. 6.30.

LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN. Dorothy Hyson, Isabel Jeans, Griffith Jones, Geoffrey Toone, in Oscar Wilde's decorative comedy of a capricious woman. Haymarket Theatre, Haymarket, S.W.1. 6.45; Weds., Sats., 2.30.

CASTE. From November 19. The result of marriage between stage and aristocracy in the nineteenth century, with Brenda Bruce and Morland Graham. Lyric, Hammer-smith, 7.

THE WINSLOW BOY. Terence Rattigan's play on the Archer Shee case, with Angela Baddeley, Walter Fitzgerald, Emlyn Williams. Lyric, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.1. 7; Weds., Sats., 2.30.

THE FAMILY REUNION. By T. S. Eliot. In verse. Catherine Lacey, Henrietta Watson, Alan Wheatley. Mercury, 2 Ladbroke, W.1. 7; Thurs., Sats., 2.30.

THE OLD VIC THEATRE COMPANY in "King Lear," "An Inspector Calls" and "Cyrano de Bergerac," with Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson and Pamela Brown. New, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2. 6.30; Thurs., Sats., 2.15.

THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH. Vivien Leigh in Thornton Wilder's history of mankind in comic strip. Piccadilly, Piccadilly Circus, W.1. 7; Weds., Sats., 2.30.

OUR BETTERS. Dorothy Dickson and Cathleen Nesbitt in a revival of Somerset Maugham's satirical play about Anglo-American peereesses and their behaviour. Playhouse, Charing Cross, W.C.2. 7; Thurs., Sats., 2.30.

BUT FOR THE GRACE OF GOD. Epigrammatic wit scintillating around a murder in a social house-party. A. E. Matthews, Robert Douglas, Mary Jerrold. St. James's, West St., W.C.2. 7; Weds., Sats., 2.30.

THE SHOP AT SLY CORNER. Arthur Young as an old pawnbroker in a murder mystery with a surprise ending. St. Martin's, West St., W.C.2. 6.45; Sats., 7.45; Tues., Fris., 2.45.

THE FIRST GENTLEMAN. Robert Morley as the Prince Regent urbanely grandiloquent and Joan Hopkins

as the ill-fated Princess Charlotte. Last four days. Savoy, Strand, W.C.2. 6.30; Weds., Sats., 2.30.

FIFTY-FIFTY. A farce about a factory run by the workers in the form of the House of Commons, with Harry Green. Strand, Aldwych, W.C.2. 7; Thurs., Sats., 2.30.

THE WISEST FOOL. An historical play on the life of James I. Francis Lister. The Torch, Wilton Place, S.W.1. Sun., Mon., Tues., Weds., Fris., 7.30; Thurs., Sats., 6, 8.30.

THE POLTERGEIST. Gordon Harker does some violent ghost-laying with hilarious consequences. Vaudeville, Strand, W.C.2. 6.30; Tues., Fris., 2.30.

WORM'S-EYE VIEW. Farce about a group of R.A.F. men in a civilian billet, with Ronald Shiner as a good-natured black-marketeer. Whitehall, 14, Whitehall, S.W.1. 6.30; Thurs., Sats., 2.30.

NO ROOM AT THE INN. Freda Jackson as a sadistic woman in charge of evacuees. Powerful acting and a powerful play. Winter Garden, Drury Lane, W.C.2. 7; Weds., Sats., 2.30.

CLUTTERBUCK. Ronald Ward and Naunton Wayne as a couple of husbands and Patricia Burke and Constance Cummings as their wives, all together on a cruise. Wyndham's, Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2. 6.45. Thurs., Sats., 2.30.

Plays With Music

BIG BEN. Charles B. Cochran's operetta is a skit on the House of Commons, with music by Vivian Ellis and libretto by A. P. Herbert. Adelphi, Strand, W.C.2. 7; Tues., Sats., 2.30.

SWEETEST AND LOWEST. Hermione Gingold and Henry Kendall deliciously malicious as ever in the third edition of this revue. Ambassadors, West St., W.C.2. 6.30; Tues., 2.30; Sats., 5.15, 8.30.

THE NIGHT AND THE LAUGHTER. Bud Flanagan in a mammoth musical. Coliseum, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2. 6.45; Mon., Weds., Thurs., Sats., 2.30.

TREBLE TROUBLE. A farce presented by Jack Buchanan and George Gee. Garrick, Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2. 7; Weds., Sats., 2.30.

PERCHANCE TO DREAM. Music, romance and spectacle in the celebrated Novello manner with Ivor Novello, Roma Beaumont, Muriel Barron. Hippodrome, Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2. 6.15; Weds., Sats., 2.15.

FOLLOW THE GIRLS. Arthur Askey frisking through a music and dancing show in the musical comedy pattern. His Majesty's, Haymarket, S.W.1. 7; Weds., 2.30; Sats., 5.30, 8.30.

SONG OF NORWAY. Operetta based on the life and music of Grieg, unauthentic but colourful. John Hargreaves and Janet Hamilton-Smith. Palace, Cambridge Circus, 6.30; Weds., Thurs., Sats., 2.30.

HIGH TIME. Music and laughter by Val Parnell, with Halama and Konarski. Palladium, 8 Argyll St., W.1. 6.0, 8.30; Weds., 2.30.

UNDER THE COUNTER. Cicely Courtneidge blithely dealing in the black market, assisted by Hardy Power and Thorley Walters, Phoenix, Charing Cross Rd. 7; Weds., Sats., 2.15.

PICCADILLY HAYRIDE. Sid Field in more inimitable sketches. Laughter, music and dancing. Prince of Wales, Cranbourne St., W.C.2. 5.50, 8.30.

THE SHEPHERD SHOW. Richard Hearne, Mon-sewer Eddie Gray, Douglas Byng, and Marie Burke are some of those who contribute to this show. Princes, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2. 7; Weds., Sats., 2.30.

HERE COME THE BOYS. Jack Hulbert and Bobby Howes team up for some fun and frolic. Saville, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2. 7; Thurs., Sats., 2.30.

ICE REVUE. Cecilia Colledge, Armand Perren, Olive Robinson, lead a graceful company on the ice. Stoll, Kingsway, 2.30, 6.30.

SWEETHEART MINE. Lupino Lane and company in another *Me and My Girl* story about the London Cockney. Victoria Palace, Victoria St. 6.30; Sats., 5.15, 8; Weds., Thurs., 2.30.

This list is correct at time of going to press, but we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any subsequent alterations.



Claire Luce in her Becky Sharp costume chatting to Miss Constance Cox, who adapted the play from Thackeray's novel, "Vanity Fair"



Mrs. Hester Thackeray-Suller, who is a grand-daughter of the author of "Vanity Fair," talking to Mr. William Wordsworth, great-grand-son of the famous poet

The

THERE is no need to elaborate the obvious: when Thackeray's novel has been put upon the stage to the satisfaction of Thackerayans there will be nothing left under the visiting moon worth calling impossible. The most that can be reasonably expected of any attempt is not much more than Miss Constance Cox manages to give us. We get a sprightly costume play about a sprightly minx of Waterloo days who makes sentimental asses in turn of a fat little Indian nabob, two tall dragoons and an elderly bucolic baronet.

The story of the play is eventful yet neatly arranged. The minx vexes a peremptory rich old maid into partial paralysis, thus losing her husband the inheritance for which she married him; and being found later in the arms of a great rake of a Marquis, who is treating her on her merits, she loses the husband, which is no great matter to her, and also the Marquis, which is a shocking discomfiture: only to be rescued from ruin by the providential re-appearance of the gullible little nabob.

HERE, for playgoers who have no cherished images of the book to be tarnished, there is obviously good stage entertainment, provided that all the puppets are fairly lively on the wire and that the actress playing the minx plays her with devil and charm. All the puppets are, I think, lively enough, and there is no doubt, whatever, that Miss Claire Luce has read her *Vanity Fair* bang through and has slipped understandingly into the mind of Thackeray's Becky.

Strictly between ourselves, then, between playgoers we can reckon as inevitable and wholly unimportant the play's utter lack of the genius that keeps the book alive and will keep it alive long after our little evening's entertainment has been forgotten. Yet there is one obvious shortcoming which concerns the playgoer pure and simple. The minx of the stage could not conceivably bring off her wonderful series of conquests unless she were superficially as pleasing as she is in essence horrid.



The Friends, Captain Dobbin (Tom Gill), who is slow in speech but faithful in friendship, and the odious George Osborne (Patrick Waddington)

Theatre

"Vanity Fair" (Comedy)

BACKSTAGE
with Beaumont Newhall.

Miss Luce is given no chance to show the attractive side of the scheming governess. She is kept so busy with the mechanics of deception that there simply is not time for her to register the irresistible amiability which makes so many deceptions possible. All that Miss Luce can possibly do is to be hard and glitteringly efficient, throwing in here and there a dazzling smile which instantly affects all men except honest Captain Dobbin, whose simple heart is selflessly set upon the even simpler Amelia.

BUT this she does so effectively that one is tempted to hint to the Thackerayans that something of her own complete understanding of the character shines through the play's necessarily imperfect dramatization of the book. Of none of the other characters, with the possible exception of Mr. Tom Gill's shyly upright Dobbin, can this be said. The others are all what Thackeray with whimsical understatement insisted on calling his living persons—puppets; and they belong not to literature but to the stage, having seen service in many dramatic climes.

Mr. Jack Livesey is every inch the romantic dragoon, and one would never suspect him of having fought three bloody duels or of that jolly coarseness which the childlike quality of his affection for Becky curiously redeemed. He is a sort of Captain Absolute in *The Rivals*, with a dash of Charles Surface, as honest as Dobbin himself and much more amiable.

MR. PATRICK WADDINGTON is the conventional lady-killer in a scarlet coat, Miss Buena Bent the tough old dame who is a terror in her own drawing-room, and Mr. Kynaston Reeves a good caricature in the good old style of a wicked Regency aristocrat who is practised in the art of sipping champagne out of a lady's slipper without letting a drop fall on the Garter riband which adorns his shirt front. But so neatly is the romance articulated, so lively is the to-and-fro of intrigue that this show of stage puppets becomes as gaily entertaining as we have any right to expect.

ANTHONY COOKMAN

Sketches by
Tom Titt



The Adventuress and her Swain:
Rawdon Crawley (Jack Livesey) is a rogue but he does not know all the answers so well as the undaunted Becky (Claire Luce)



Sweet Seventeen. The kind and gentle Amelia (Victoria Hopper) whose life is not made happier by her friendship with Becky



THE time has come to talk, if not of cabbages and kings, at least of pantomime.

Gone are the golden days when you had the choice of at least a dozen first-class productions in the West End and the inner circle of London, when Drury Lane competed with Covent Garden and the Lyceum, when such theatres as the long-departed Surrey, the Britannia (Hoxton), the Standard (Shoreditch), and the Pavilion (Mile End) put on shows hardly inferior to the best in the West End.

It no longer pays as it once did to interrupt or discontinue a run in order to stage the traditional Christmas entertainment. The availability of suitable theatres is the prime factor; consequently it seems that this year Emile Littler's *Mother Goose* at the Casino Theatre will be the only pantomime in the West End. In this production Celia Lipton will be Principal Boy. It opens on December 19—another blow at the old Boxing Day tradition.

In addition to providing the Casino show Emile Littler is staging productions at Birmingham (jointly with Tom Arnold), Manchester, Coventry and Plymouth. His brother Prince Littler is responsible for other productions.

Tom Arnold has eight shows in hand, including *Aladdin* at Wimbledon and, of course, the other Pantomime King, Francis Laidler, has his quota.

And this is how some of the popular favourites will distribute themselves:—

Stentorian-voiced comedian George Jackley will be in *Dick Whittington* at Finsbury Park Empire; veteran G. H. Elliott and Albert Burdon will be in *Dick Whittington* at Sunderland; Fred Emney will add weight to *Goody Two Shoes* at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham; Evelyn Laye and Jimmy O'Dea will grace *Queen of Hearts* at the Empire, Liverpool; that droll pair Syd and Max Harrison will be the comics in *Humpty Dumpty* at the Theatre Royal, Nottingham and—a grand company—Jean Adrienne, Jerry Verno, Leo Franklyn and G. S. Melvin will provide the fun in *Puss in Boots* at the Manchester Palace.

It will be long before C. B. Cochran has to think about replacing *Big Ben* at the Adelphi with anything new, but when he does so it will be *Bless the Bride*, the title he has chosen for the new operetta by A. P. Herbert with music by Vivian Ellis.

Cochran works for months on any new production and supervises everything from story to costumes, décor and his Young Ladies. Yet, he tells me, A.P.H. completed the whole book, including some twenty sets of lyrics, in just three weeks.

Bless the Bride will be set in the Offenbachian 'seventies, in C.B.'s view a period not only extremely picturesque but at the same time not over-exploited. One of the stars in it will be twenty-year-old Lisbeth Webb, now appearing in *Big Ben*. C.B. is off to Paris soon to find two French artists for other important parts. "I have a lot of possibles in mind," he told me. "For the man I want a good light comedian who can speak English and can sing." A new Chevalier, in point of fact.

I HEAR good reports of *The Red Mill*, the operetta which has just started out on a long tour with Billy Milton, Davy Burnaby, Slim Allen (who was Vic Oliver's stooge in *The Night and the Music* at the Coliseum) and Maudie Edwards. After visiting Coventry, Birmingham and Newcastle it will open a five weeks' Christmas season at Glasgow, followed by a fortnight in Edinburgh. Then it comes to the West End.

SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S play *Lady Frederick* which opens at the Savoy on November 21, was originally produced at the Court Theatre in 1907, which may be the reason why Firth Shephard is reviving it in the fashions of the 'eighties. Coral Browne will be in the part created by Marie Tempest and also in the cast is Patricia Raine, Binnie Hale's daughter.



SELF-PROFILE

Nancy Price

by

Nancy Price

SELF-Profile—who knows himself? It is easier to know your neighbour or think that you do. I have no illusions that I know myself, but I do know that I have drunk deep of the bitter-sweet cup of life, that I have gathered roses and rue, that I have found the complicated, ever-changing web in which I personally am caught, full of interest.

When I was young I know I was intolerant and painfully shy. Life has cured me of the former, for with the years comes a greater understanding and a clearer vision but also a greater torture of mind; with sight, hearing and touch more acute, grows a keener sense of suffering and injustice.

My shyness continues and I find myself as ever more at ease with country folk than city dwellers, with the vagabond rather than the sophisticated. Especially am I in sympathy with the men of the sea, perhaps because I have known and lived among them from very early days, and always I have felt an irresistible desire for "the lonely sea and the sky."

IHAVE often been asked what I regard as of most value and I invariably answer health and work—health would I think be a universal choice, work I have found satisfies and occupies mind and body, bringing sanity and consolation. For to accomplish something, anything, to be of some service, to feel that one is of the slightest value is consolation. Work draws the mind from thoughts that have no avail, doubt, fear, grief, regret. It bears out every second the value of "do it now." Perhaps the author, composer and painter have the greatest joy in their work because it is personally chosen. Of all work writing gives me the greatest pleasure, for through its avenue one can set down something of those thoughts impossible to express otherwise.

Writing brings fearful responsibilities, adventurous opportunity and the thrill of creation. The poet most successfully uses the magic of words to present nature's continual miracles—its suffering and solace. Perhaps that is why I have always found such unspeakable pleasure not only in reading poetry but being given the opportunity to speak the magic of it. I have found at my recitals in both barn and theatre, that it is not only the so-called cultured but the man in the street, the labourer in the field, not only those who dream dreams, who have the time to stand, stare and listen, but the man and woman whose hours are concerned with the revolution of the machine, who are moved by the poet's work.

IT has been said, tell me what a man enjoys and I will tell you what he is. I do at least know many things I have enjoyed and the reverse. Perhaps that which has given me the greatest delight and happiness, that which ever moves me to admiration and respect, is the creature of feather and fur—the wonder of wings—the shape, colour and scent of flowers. Insects also fill me with admiration but I cannot overcome my dislike of some of them, the rapacious spider, the earwig in spite of its being a good mother—the beetle and cockroach, though I know them to be harmless—the destructive moth, and slugs, which are as ugly and repellent to me as I imagine I am to them.



Music has been an indescribable delight to me throughout my life, though I remain inarticulate when I try to describe the purity of Bach and the rich comprehensiveness of Beethoven, the passionate expression of Tchaikovsky, the sensitive cry of Chopin. But modern music in general does not give me that sense of full satisfaction and delight of the older masters. This is maybe because I do not understand it.

I have always indulged in active exercise as relaxation though climbing was my favourite sport. It gives adventure and thrill, injures no one, requires the best in mind and body to achieve any success. Only those who have it in their blood know what it means to stand perilously on a rocky crag or snowclad height and regard the world as a very little thing, the life of man as but a shadow, and feel that for a few seconds he enjoys the company of the gods.

Continuing the "Tatler's" series of Self-Profiles, Miss Nancy Price, one of the most honoured of British stage personalities, sums up what her experiences have been and what they have meant to her. Miss Price made her first London appearance in 1900

I have never desired wealth but I have longed for power—the absolute power of a dictator. There is so much I would abolish and establish. In my state no trap, chain or cage would be permitted. I would enforce laws to ensure man respected the sanctity of the creature's home even as he insists his own shall be respected. If man restrained his greed and gave the rest of creation a fair deal, nature would adjust the balance.

Every man and woman should be compelled to work, for I am convinced that therein lies health and a certain content. I would curb the activities of science with its far-reaching tentacles and extend the capacity of art by fostering those who produce it. I would give large grants from the State coffer for research which prevented disease and promoted health—"so much to do, so little done." But though I remain nothing but a humble citizen I still eagerly contribute according to my power and capacity to all these ends.

Does any man or woman ever accomplish that which he would? I think not. Nevertheless, if I had my life over again I should still struggle to achieve and rejoice in the struggle.

IHAVE served in the theatre for many years and at its best I still feel it is the most comprehensive art and those who serve it require patience, control, tolerance, generosity. It is responsible for our greatest literature since the Bible. It has magic and can "put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes," bringing the accomplishment of many years "into an hour glass." The theatre gives the harassed and perplexed mind change of occupation and can focus its direction into channels not concerned with self.

I long inexpressibly to direct a theatre in which plays should be chosen for their worth, not their possible commercial value, and where money might be available to advertise. The best if known will always attract, but it must be known. Christ realized the value of advertisement, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

Admission to this theatre should be reasonable and its seats all equally comfortable, for those with the slenderest pockets are often the most weary. In this theatre that I long to see, every artist should have a certain yearly wage, which would mean immunization from the irk of searching for work, for such anxiety gnaws and rots. There would be no extravagant salaries for I do not think uncertain periods covered by large salaries bestow happiness, health, or encourage the talent that exists.

I am still hoping the People's Theatre may find a building. The members' enthusiasm and hunger is with us, their eagerness persists.

As for my creed, I worship the sun and earth and find God in all that is beautiful and kind. I wish that when my time comes for the axe, that I may be laid in the earth I love with an acorn in my hand: then at last my body might bestow something of service to the earth which of necessity it has so constantly raped in life.



Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Shirley take a last look at the library. Twenty-five years ago they spent their honeymoon at Ettington Park, but have not stayed there since. Lieut.-Colonel Shirley is a relative of Earl Ferrers



The Cairn terrier seems to be asking if any antique bones are included in the sale

"The Tatler" sees the ETTINGTON PARK (1000 YEARS OLD) SALE

SINCE the time of Edward the Confessor the Manor of Ettington, near Stratford-on-Avon, has been owned in direct descent from father to son. A sale was recently held at Ettington Park by order of the present owner, Lieut.-Colonel E. C. Shirley, a steward of the Royal Irish Turf Club and a prominent breeder and owner in Eire. He has not lived at Ettington since boyhood, and for many years it has been let to various tenants, including an American millionaire.

Only the contents were up for auction at the sale, though the house itself is to be let as a school,

hotel or club. The sale attracted collectors, book-lovers and furniture connoisseurs from far afield, and there was some keen bidding. Lieut.-Colonel Shirley and members of the family were present throughout, and some of the family bid successfully for certain of the more coveted treasures.

One of the high-lights of the sale was the disposal of over 100 paintings of the English, French, Dutch and Italian schools, by or after Holbein, Kneller, and many other famous artists. Some of them are shown overleaf



The fine wrought-iron entrance gates have been opened to admit the first arrivals



Mrs. A. Botwood, Mrs. Aheath and Mrs. Farr-Midgley, seated on a rosewood piano which made £22



The sale in progress in the drawing-room. The 120 people present had plenty of room to move about



Mr. C. T. Clarke, the auctioneer, asks for a final bid. In the three-days' sale he disposed of 1144 lots

The Ettington Park Sale

(Continued from previous page)

Photographs by Tasker, Press Illustrations



Ten George I. chairs sold for £2200. Here is one of them



An ingenious land-measuring wheel from the museum, which was also sold



"Virgin With Infant," of the Early Florentine School, went for £120



£220 was paid for "The River Thames at Twickenham," by Richard Wilson



This French School "Blind Man's Buff" was sold for £130



Ettington Park has been owned by the Shirley family since Edward the Confessor's time. The present house, a Gothic building, was re-faced a century ago



Earl Ferrers was at the sale with Lieut.-Colonel Shirley's elder sister, Mrs. Wilfred Brownlow (right), and his younger sister, Mrs. J. Chenevix-Trench



Major and Mrs. Pakenham-Mahon, relatives of the Earl of Longford, and Mrs. Richard Guinness (left) find a sunny corner for a picnic lunch



MAJOR GERARD LEIGH
WEDS MISS JEAN LESLIE

Major W. H. Gerard Leigh, the Life Guards, son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. J. C. Gerard Leigh, of Thorpe Satchville Hall, Leicestershire, and Miss Nancy Jean Leslie, only daughter of the late Wing-Commander Sir Norman Leslie and of Lady Leslie, of 6, Down Street, W., at their wedding at St. George's, Hanover Square

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

THERE has been quite a spate of parties, Royal and otherwise, giving a touch of almost pre-war gaiety to London in recent weeks. At the head of the list were the two Royal gala evenings, the first in aid of the Cinematograph Trade Benevolent Fund, the second in aid of the Variety

TWO ROYAL GALAS

Artistes' Benevolent Fund, which the King and Queen attended with Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, at the Empire and the Palladium respectively.

At the Empire, Their Majesties and the Princesses were accompanied by Helen Duchess of Northumberland and the Marchioness of Carisbrooke, who took a major part in the organisation of the highly successful evening. It raised well over £30,000 for the Fund. Afterwards, stars, producers and organisers met for a party in the lounge, and the handful of Hollywood actors and actresses who had been presented to the King and Queen and the Princesses immediately after the show were unanimous in their enthusiasm and admiration. "Hollywood would not have adjectives to describe just how we feel," said one.

I gather suggestions have been made that the film show should become an annual affair in the same way as the variety performance.

If the film show broke new ground, the variety show revived many old memories. Again the whole Royal party thoroughly enjoyed the entertainment. The King, as everyone in the Court Circle knows well, has a very lively and keen sense of humour, shared to a great extent by Princess Elizabeth, and straight, direct clowning—music-hall fun, in fact—is exactly calculated to stir their merriment.

Following the Empire performance, Their Majesties drove down to Windsor for the weekend, where there was yet another party, this

time a very Royal one, with the King and Queen as hosts to all employees at Windsor who had returned from the Services. It was a happy inspiration of the King's to hold the party, which, despite the regal splendour of its setting in the State Apartments of the Castle, developed, just as the King and Queen wished, into something much more resembling an old-time country squire's entertainment to his workers than a formal Royal occasion.

To celebrate the anniversary of the Turkish Republic, H.E. the Turkish Ambassador and Mme. Cevat Acikalin gave a reception to which over 600 guests were invited. Mme. Cevat Acikalin herself looked most attractive in a simple black dress with a spray of orchids, and in the beautiful reception

TURKISH RECEPTION

rooms I saw many well-known personages, amongst whom were Mrs. Neville Chamberlain, who was greeted by many friends, Lord Radstock, Professor Firth, Lord Pethick-Lawrence, Doreen Lady Brabourne, who was telling many friends how lovely her daughter-in-law, the former Hon. Patricia Mountbatten, looked at her wedding the previous Saturday, Mrs. Kenyon-Slaney, and Major-Gen. Sir Frederick and Lady Sykes.

Marie Marchioness of Willingdon arrived with her son and daughter-in-law, who wore one of the prettiest flowered hats in the room; another well-known couple who arrived together were the Earl and Countess of Carlisle, as well as Lord and Lady Chatfield, the Earl and Countess of Beauchamp, the French Ambassador and Mme. Massigli, and the Spanish Ambassador and his attractive wife.

Mr. Beasley, the High Commissioner for Australia, was also there, as well as Sir Alexander Gibb, Mr. A. H. Hall, Brig.-Gen. Sir H. Mance,

the Dowager Lady Lowther, Sir Ernest Graham-Little, Miss Georgette de Hart, sister-in-law of the Chilean Ambassador, who told me that His Excellency and his charming wife were, unfortunately, unable to come, H.E. the Chinese Ambassador and Sir John Carden.

VISITORS to Newmarket for the final meeting had plenty to amuse them, as besides the sales in the mornings and racing in the afternoons, there were several good parties in the evenings, including a ball in aid of Conservative funds at Mrs. Tharp's lovely home, Chippenham Park, and a smaller party the

FINALE AT H.Q.

following night with Mr. and Mrs. Nicky Morris and Mr. Bernard van Cutsem as hosts. On the racecourse, once again the French invaders made a brilliant showing, and the highlight of the week was provided by the Cambridge-shire Stakes, which was won by Mme. Lieux's three-year-old Sayani, who is unbeaten in this country. It was a great feat, as Sayani won under the big weight of 9 st. 4 lbs., thus breaking all records. Mme. Lieux, looking chic in brown, was delighted at the success, which was a family affair, as great credit goes to her husband, who trained the winner.

Among those racing during the week were the Princess Royal with the Earl of Harewood, Maud Countess Fitzwilliam and her son and daughter-in-law, the Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam, the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, the Countess of Brecknock, who came over from Six Mile Bottom with Lord and Lady Delamere, Lord Delamere's two daughters, Elizabeth and Anne, the Duchess of Roxburghe, Viscountess Stavordale, the Earl and Countess of Durham, Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke, the Duchess of Grafton and Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Mills. Lord Fingall was watching the horses



Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Gerard Leigh, the bridegroom's parents, Captain Sir Lindores Leslie, Bt., brother of the bride, and the bride's mother, Lady Leslie, receiving the guests

in the paddock with Lord Howard of Glossop's two daughters, Miriam and Miranda: in a recent issue we published a photograph of their second brother, Michael, and his wife, describing them erroneously as the Hon. Miles and Mrs. Fitzalan-Howard. The Hon. Miles, who is unmarried, is, in fact, in Germany. Nearby, Lady Jean Christie was with her sister-in-law, Betty Lady Mountgarret; they were staying with Cdr. and Mrs. Scott-Miller. Lord and Lady Grimthorpe were racing every day, and during the sales Lord Grimthorpe sold a nice yearling he had bred at his stud in Yorkshire for £1,600.

ALWAYS very generous in helping any good cause, Mrs. Tharp once again lent her lovely home, Chippenham Park, near Newmarket, for a dance, this time in aid of the local Conservative funds. This lovely home still shows scars of the war years, for, as you drive through the once-beautiful park, you still see hundreds of Nissen huts, but once inside the house all was peaceful, with lovely pictures hanging on the walls, and masses of home-grown chrysanthemums banked everywhere.

THE CAMBRIDGE- SHIRE BALL

Dancing took place in the fine ballroom. Mrs. Tharp had her son, Lord Killanin, to help her entertain her guests, who numbered over 300. These included the prospective Conservative member for Cambridgeshire, Mr. Geoffrey Howard, and his wife (at the last election Mr. Howard was defeated by only forty-four votes), Lady Mary Cambridge, Lord and Lady Ranfurly, Sir Evelyn Broughton, who was dancing with the Hon. Anne Cholmondeley, Sir Arthur and Lady Pilkington, who brought a large party, the Countess Fitzwilliam, Cdr. and Mrs. Scott Miller, who also brought a party, Mr. Teddy Lambton, who was hoping he would win the Cambridgeshire with Langton Abbot next day, and Col. John and Lady Jane Nelson.

ADMIRAL VISCOUNT MOUNTBATTEN OF BURMA was the guest of honour at a recent reception given by the Allies Welcome Committee. Sir Jocelyn Lucas, founder and chairman of the Committee, was in great form, walking about among the very international gathering of guests. Mr. Anthony Eden introduced Lord Louis, who replied with a very witty and amusing speech.

ALLIES WELCOME COMMITTEE

Lady Louis was soon surrounded by a group of Australian airmen and friends who had not seen her since her return from the East. I met Lady Forbes, who had brought some wounded officers to the party as her guests. The Countess of Jersey, in golden brown, came hatless, as did Mrs. Anthony Eden and Doreen Lady Brabourne. Others there were the First Sea Lord, Admiral Sir John Cunningham, Capt. Sherbrooke, V.C., who had a long talk with Lord Louis, Sir Charles and Lady Madden, Col. Anthony Buxton, and groups of Russian, Chinese, Canadian, Australian and South African officers.

THE Autumn Ball in aid of the Invalid Kitchens of London held at the Dorchester was most competently organised by the Countess

of Inchcape, Lady Waddilove, Lady Peto, Pamela Lady Glenconner, Miss Le Gros and a committee.

AUTUMN BALL

Very soon the ballroom was crowded with dancers, among whom I saw Barbara Countess of Moray's daughter, Lady Sarah Stuart, looking very attractive in white with a red flower in her hair; Miss Jennifer Langton, Miss Robina Tennant, also in white, Mr. Andrew Widderson, Lord Dunboyne, whose eldest sister, the Hon. Mrs. Atholl Duncan, has recently gone to Calcutta with her husband, Miss Virginia Hutchinson in black velvet, Miss Yolanda Calvocoressi, and pretty Miss Elizabeth Fenwick-Clennel, who was in Lady Inchcape's party.

Amongst the popular young married couples who brought parties to this ball were Sir "Chips" and Lady Maclean, who arrived with Lady Maclean's younger sister, Miss Mann, and Miss Penelope Colt, who looked attractive in blue brocade, Sir Edmund and Lady Paston-Bedingfeld, and Capt. G. Booth-Jones, whose pretty young wife was a member of the committee.

A great feature of the evening was the appearance of the famous Goldwyn Girls, who were soon booked up with young partners. Sitting in groups on the floor listening to Jack and Daphne Barker with keen enjoyment I saw Miss Jill Scott, whose elder sister was recently married at Westminster Abbey, Mr. Derek Morphet, Miss Elizabeth Muss-Falck, who was inviting friends to a party she is giving shortly at her home, Miss Jane Ruggles-Brise in pale blue, Mr. Harry Graham-Vivian, whom I saw dancing a little later with Miss Katherine Cooke, Mrs. John Retallack, a recent bride, and Capt. David Gurney, another member of the committee.

THE wedding of Miss Pamela Wells and Mr. Francis Whigham was a most cheerful gathering, a real *Entente Cordiale*, as many of the bridegroom's French relations and friends had come over especially from France for the wedding.

The bride looked enchanting in a fine gold lamé frock, with a cream tulle veil, and carried a sheaf of arum lilies. Her train was carried by three pages, the bridegroom's two-and-a-half-year-old stepbrother, David Whigham, Julian Scott and William Weston Wells. The three bridesmaids, dressed in powder-blue, were Miss Mary Clare Wilson-Fitzgerald, Miss Hermione Ratcliffe and Miss Elizabeth Legh.

There was a reception at the charming home of the bridegroom's father, where I saw the bride's mother, in navy blue with a small feathered hat; Mr. Walter Whigham, the bridegroom's father, with his wife, the bridegroom's stepmother, who was in black with silver foxes, and Mrs. Charles Sweeny, looking enchanting. Two recent brides at the wedding were the Hon. Mrs. Moore-Gwynne and Mrs. Michael Llewellyn. Mrs. Francis Whigham went away in a ruby-red coat with halo hat to match for the honeymoon, which is being spent in Portugal.



Earl Fortescue, the Countess of Westmorland and the Hon. Mrs. Beck, Lord Glenconner's sister



Major J. L. Wills and the Hon. Mrs. J. L. Wills, who is a daughter of Lord Eiphistone



Three of the bridal attendants enjoy some ice-cream. They are Amanda Sewell (cousin of the bride) and Harry and Sarah Garnett, who are nephew and niece of the bridegroom



Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Gardiner, who came over from Hollywood for the première



William Eythe, who is making a film over here, and Dorothy Malone, from Hollywood



The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough arrive for the performance



The Countess of Midleton, who was one of the vice-chairmen, with Mr. Dorsay Fisher, of the American Embassy



Being presented to H.M. the Queen are Laurence Olivier, Vivien Leigh, Valerie Hobson, Rosamund Johns and Sally Gray. The performance, which was in aid of the Cinematograph Trade Benevolent Fund, realised over £30,000, a record

The King and Queen at a Première

Scenes and personalities at the première, the first attended by Their Majesties and the Princesses, of *A Matter of Life and Death*, at the Empire Theatre, Leicester Square



The Royal Family arriving. They had been delayed for over ten minutes by the enormous crowd which thronged Leicester Square



Mrs. Gwynne, Mr. Anthony Crean and Lady Alix Buchanan



The Earl and Countess of Inchcape

Charity Ball in Mayfair in Aid of Invalid Kitchens



Mr. Jeffrey Hitchcock, Lord Dunboyne and Lady Bedingfeld



Miss Babette Muss-Falck and Mr. Robert Buchanan-Michaelson



Pamela Lady Glenconner, Miss Susan Colvin and F/O. Maconochy



Miss Gaylord (one of the Goldwyn Girls) and Lieut. F. Thornton, R.N.V.R.



Major and Mrs. F. Holdsworth Hunt



Prince Friedrich and Princess Brigid of Prussia, Earl Jellicoe and Miss Gillian Campbell. The ball was held at the Dorchester

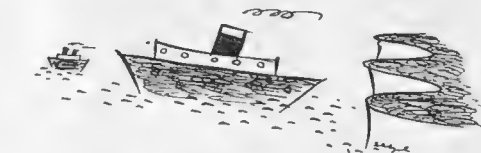


Priscilla (of Paris) Pays a Visit to London

FROM the moment I set foot in the Golden Arrow Pullman at the Gare du Nord and we slid quietly out of Paris, up to the time of writing, life, for me has been one delightful thrill after another. Only British-born travellers who have been away from England during the war—and, in my case, for some years before that—can imagine my joy.

Every rhythmic throb of the long train seemed to be saying: "London to-night, London to-night!" It was even "Dover to-night" since, owing to the fact that we still have summer-time in France, dusk was falling by the time we reached the white cliffs so dear to homing travellers and, at a quarter to six, beneath the rose-shaded lamps, I saw an excellent dinner served at other tables while, not feeling like the roast beef of Old England at that early hour, I sipped cup after cup of real tea and toyed with a toasted bun because it was a toasted bun and not *pain-grillé*.

With all due respect to an Eminent Traveller who wrote up his recent journey to France in a London "daily," I contend that a better meal is served on the S.R. than on the Paris-



passport job since my turn had not arrived on the boat by the time the white cliffs hove in sight. To be honest, I must confess that I had wasted a good deal of time over my first cup of real tea in the glass-screened Winter Garden on B deck. I am assailed by all sorts of inhibitions when I find myself in an all-British *milieu*, and all the pretty manners of a childhood passed under the tutelage of English Nannies return to me.

It was too dark as we travelled up to London to see the terrible war damage that England has suffered, and my arrival at Victoria was just like the hundreds of arrivals I have always known. It was raining and the lights of the station were reflected on the glistening pavements, the enamel of the dinky little waiting cars, the majestic Rolls, and the sedate taxis that are so old, but so beautifully kept by their polite drivers. (Yes, I have since learned that, in London streets, they just as politely look the other way when one holds up one's brolly at them, but that is merely human if they, also, are going home to eat; the Paris chauffeur doesn't even pretend he doesn't see one, which is far more annoying.)

Porters were plentiful, policemen were urbanely helpful, and all that had to be done was done with the quiet efficiency that is so restful after the hysterical pandemonium of the city about which I so often grumble but from which I could not bear to be exiled.

I am not staying in London, but a short train journey brings me up to town every day, and has enabled me to see the devastating thoroughness of the blitz. Ruins are no new thing to me after the suburbs of Paris, the villages of Normandy, and the towns in the east of France and all over Germany, but there is something so ruthless about the haphazard bombing that England has undergone.

My train brings me up an hour too early for my luncheon engagements at various delightful places about which I shall have a lot to say. This gives me time to dawdle along the streets and rubber-neck (my argot is probably as extinct as the dodo!) at all I see. I thank the Powers-that-be for so often putting safety signs at the crossings, since I cannot remember that traffic comes on what is, to me, the wrong side of the road. . . . More than one policeman has looked at me with ire that changes to pity when, camouflaging my apology with a French accent, I murmur the whacking lie: "*Pardon, monsieur the policeman, I am a *foreignaire*!*"

How self-policing Londoners are. Queueing up for omnibuses (instead of having a free-fight-for-all-scramble as the Parisians do), and never asking for bread in the restaurants. How thoughtful the butcher who puts up the notice: "We have no offal to-day"! How amiable the railway guard who takes pram, baby and mother into his van. How regretful the

Duke-in-disguise from whom, in the Burlington Arcade, I chose half-a-dozen ties for my husband and then belatedly discovered that coupons were necessary! How earnest the grown-ups outside the candy shops, gloatingly trying to make up their minds over the respective merits of this sort of chocolate or that kind of fondant.

How pleasant not to have to tip the pew openers at the theatre, and never to hear a programme-seller reply, when asked the price of the programme: "It costs me five francs." How consoling to see that women who wear slacks look no better in them than their French sisters, and discover that "the fatter the behind the tighter the pants" and "the uglier the legs the shorter the skirt" holds good in both countries. How lovely the fruit and flower shops . . . (and just as expensive as on the banks of the Seine). How patient the bus conductor when I climb on a bus that has turned its tail light on the place I want to go to or when, during the rush hour, I try to stand on the platform as we do in Paris. How full of pretty and amusing things are the windows of a shop that I passed in Regent Street. "We haven't anything as cute as that in Paris," quoth I (who rarely set foot in any of the *grands magasins*), and then I looked up and discovered that I was outside the Galleries L—!

It is always the cake on the other side of the plate that one covets most, while it is the rose that blooms in the neighbour's garden that is the loveliest: and this, I think, is the moral of this tale of two cities.



Et puis...

● Jean Marais, the good-looking, well-set-up young actor who has been seen on the screen in London in *L'Éternel Retour* and who has played in so many of the Jean Cocteau successes, has an enormous fan mail. For some time past his admirers have clamoured not only for photos and autographs, but also for locks of his hair, that is the lovely russet shade that so many women get out of bottles! Generously he almost invariably complies. "You'll soon be bald, my dear boy," said Jean Cocteau. "Oh, no," answered Jean No. 2, "but Malouck will!" Malouck is Marais' dog!



Calais route where, I admit, the *sole meunière* was excellent, but where, also, a portion of chicken was an "extra" to the tune of 180 francs.

I HAVE the usual squeal to make about the passport nuisance, and the vexation it is to the British-born passenger married in France to have to reply to the query, "British, madam?" as she goes on the boat: "No! I'm an adjective alien!" and, later, to have to queue up and show *patte blanche* before being allowed to set foot in the land of her birth. All this, especially, on the day I travelled, when there were some three hundred foreign passports to examine and only one official to deal with them on the boat.

Since I was not wearing a bowler hat (as did the Eminent Traveller), I was not invited on to the bridge by the captain, but a pair of pre-war shoes, to say nothing of new Nylon stockings, may have helped me with the official whose office was at the foot of the companion-way, and I was given a greatly-needed hand with my luggage—for there were not quite enough porters to go round—on arriving at Dover, where we had to queue up again on the



IN THE FALL OF THE YEAR

*" . . . autumn's a time
For whispers, veils and muted
epigrams,
For the old in hope, the solitary treader
Whose footstep scarcely cracks the
brittle leaf,*

*Whose blood has known the chill of
stretching shadows
Too long for fear, and the last
golden light
Feels as midsummer heat. Autumn
is his "*



Major George Richmond, who is Laird of the lovely estate of Kincairney. He served with The Black Watch in both the Boer War and the First World War. His wife is a sister of Lady Gordon Finlayson, and they have a son and four married daughters

AT HOME IN THE HIGHLANDS

Three generations of a Scottish family with a distinguished war record gather at Kincairney mansion near Murthly, Dunkeld, Perthshire.



Three-year-old Christopher Dawson, son of Capt. Herbrand and Mrs. Dawson, in the grounds of his grandparents' home, Kincairney



Capt. James Richmond, only son of the Laird of Kincairney, with his niece, Grizel Catherine Dawson. He was a Chindit in the Burma campaign, and is going sheep-farming in Australia



Photographs by
Bredrick Haldane

The family party at Kincairney: (standing) Mrs. George Richmond, Capt. Anthony Way, M.C., Grenadier Guards, his wife (formerly Miss Elizabeth Richmond), and Major George Richmond; (sitting) Mrs. Herbrand Dawson (formerly Miss Grizelda Richmond), her daughter, Capt. James Richmond, Black Watch, and Christopher Dawson



Mrs. Anthony Way, youngest of Major and Mrs. Richmond's daughters, in the Kincairney drawing-room. She was married to Capt. Way at St. Ninian's Cathedral in Perth last August. During the war she was a very efficient member of the V.A.D.

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

Standing By ...

STARING dumbly at those silver-framed picture-postcards of Scotland Yard's twin No. 1 pin-up girls, Dorothy ("Dot") and Agatha ("Aggie"), which hang opposite every big Yard executive's desk, while merry West End jewel-thieves carry out coup after enormous coup, the dicks are beginning to realise (a chap in close touch tells us) that they should have attended to their homework over the past 25 years instead of playing tag or pitch-and-toss.

Apart from the educative work of the Yard's two sweethearts, some 1500 crime-fiction boys and girls of all shapes and sizes, some of pure horror, have been tirelessly producing textbook after textbook, setting and solving with ease every crime-problem conceivable to the mind of man. Whose fault is it that the dicks have so signally failed to profit? Not the Commissioner's, certainly. His job ends at the nightly hand-out of new fiction. Not the Librarian's, either; his task is merely to go through the nightly packet beforehand and weed out all stories unfit for clean-minded cops. In some cases this implies only tearing out a few offensive pages, which does not affect the main theme. E.g.:

"Hey, you!" he croaked, and seizing Dulcie by the arm swung her round. She shuddered as he crushed her to him. His lips (*eight pages out*) crashed to the floor as the Inspector stepped forward, a glint in his keen grey eyes . . .

Footnote

IT may be that as they stir their strong afternoon tea and stare over the leaden Thames to the chilly façade of County Hall the dicks ponder these missing pages at times, and let their imagination rove freely.

"What do you think, Dusty?"

"Well Boots I think maybe they were great chums or he wouldn't put the old finger on her like that."

"Yuh but what about his lips where it breaks off?"

"Maybe he had a pimple or maybe something had got caught in his moustache, a fly or something."

Anyhow, the point is that the Yard has evidently not assimilated more than 5 per cent. of its homework. Our feeling as a taxpayer is that those boys should all remain behind henceforth when the bell rings.

Screed

IN the library of the Capuchins at Seville there is, or was till recently, the original MS. of St. Teresa's *Castillo Interior* (The Interior Castle), a psychological classic with which you are probably familiar. The writing is bold,

impetuous, occasionally blottesque, and at times not too legible. We're wondering what a recent prig-authority would make of it, his cry being that illegibility proves mental instability. One of the three great organising feminine brains in history would get a poor mark from that boy, we guess.

He derived his theory, doubtless, from studying the barbed-wire doodlings of modern dons and



"There's something odd about that new man—got a queer name too—'Mercury' or something"

booksy boys, who make a cultural or caste-issue of illegibility, being devoured by spiritual pride. We ourselves are more humble, having once received a benignant rap for bad handwriting from the late Eustace ("Mock-Steak") Miles, who cultivated an exquisite copperplate at all times. It has seemed clear to us since that the best type of vegetarian love-letter must be a work of pure art—thin upstrokes, thick downstrokes, careful spacing, elegant loops—apart from its moral value.

I cannot approve, dear Tabitha, of your walking out with Mr. Twitterley. From his rolling eye, as from his disgraceful calligraphy, I perceive him to be a flesh-meat addict of the most depraved kind. This impression is confirmed by your statement that on Tuesday last he bit your hand off just above the wrist. Such a lack of self-control . . .

A firm, enlightened signature. "Yours for an ideal calorific intake, Henry George

Nutworthy." . . . And to think the French call this style of handwriting "*bâlard*"!

Quest

TOOTING her disconsolate trumpet over the joyless Strand of 1946, that shabby angel balanced on the Gaiety dome may shortly have a new gilt frock and something to blow about, Mr. Lupino Lane having just bought the theatre for restoration to Edwardian glory.

His main difficulty, obviously, will be to find Gaiety girls. World War I. caused the Gaiety Girl to shrink to one-third her splendid normal size, as ageing survivors will remember. That painful surprise when the first tiny wizened 1915-model was blown about the stage like an autumn leaf—was it in *Going Up*?—and finally fell into a trombone in the orchestra, while an elfin chorus struggled wanly to pipe its evergreen message of hope and cheer:

*We are wah, wah, wah, wah,
So wah, wah, wah, wah, wah! (etc.).*

—can one ever forget it? Long before World War II. the light musical stage had lost the last traces of what Renaissance Art-lovers know as "morbidezza," and upholsterers as "upholstery." A kind of small bleak streamlined chromium clothes-horse, 1946-model, is ideal for Eugene O'Neill plays about incestuous American taxpayers rotting in swamps, but the old Gaiety tradition is more opulent, more baroque, more lush, more plummy, more human. Where will Mr. Lane find the right stuff?

Echo

DEBRETT, says you huskily. Somebody look it up, says you. All those famous eugenic Edwardian-Gaiety experiments with the Peerage—sure to be a few odd seedlings around, worth raising under glass, says you. Coo, what ideas you get.

Type

RUNNING a brisk but not unkindly eye over the queues for passports to the Continent, a gossip remarked that our once-flourishing export trade in spinsters seems to have dropped considerably. But this ceased to disappoint the French some time ago, in our unfortunate view.

You probably remember Maupassant's short story, *Miss Harriet*, and its gaunt, melancholy heroine:

. . . one of those stubborn Puritans whom England breeds in such numbers, those pious and insupportable old maids who haunt all the tables-d'hôte in Europe, who ruin Italy, who poison Switzerland, who render the charming Riviera towns uninhabitable, introducing everywhere their weird manias, their manners of fossilised vestals, their indescribable wardrobes, and a peculiar odour of rubber, as if they were put away in a waterproof case every night.

It sounds harsh. Actually the little drama is full of heartbreaking pity, if you recall how poor Miss Harriet falls for a dashing young painter and throws herself down a well. Her type is totally extinct nowadays, unless we err, like that traditional urge to save the Continental populace from hellfire with tracts and pamphlets. And in any case, as Norman Douglas once

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK



"Afraid we haven't a whiff of gas in the place"

BEFORE a Russian inn two thieves espied a fine horse hitched to a farm wagon. "We need that animal," said one of the thieves, "but if the owner came out and found him gone he'd give chase and capture us. That would mean prison."

"Leave it to me," said the second thief. "You take the horse and ride away as fast as you can. I'll take care of the owner."

When the owner came out of the inn he found his horse gone and in its stead stood the thief, the harness upon him, the feed-bag hanging from his neck. "What's the meaning of this?" the farmer cried.

"My dear sir," replied the man in the harness, "don't get excited. I'm your horse. You see, years ago, I was a human being, just like you. Then I committed a sin, and as a punishment an avenging power decreed that I should be a horse for a number of years. My term has just expired, and now I am again a human being."

"Poor fellow!" commiserated the countryman. "And I've treated you so cruelly at times. Will you forgive me?"

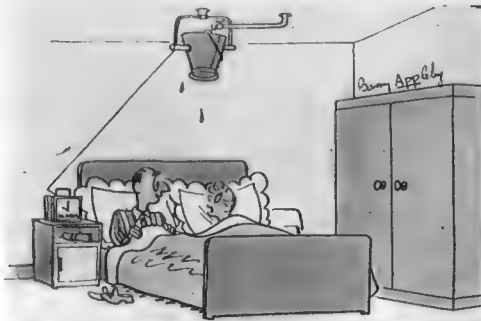
"That's all right, friend," said the thief, throwing off the harness. "Now I'll be on my way. Maybe I'll see you again sometime."

A few weeks later the farmer went to the fair to buy another animal, and there stood his good old horse, which a peasant was offering for sale.

The haysced walked over to his former animal and whispered in his ear: "Aha, so you've sinned again. Shame on you!"

"NO SING," said the magistrate, "you are charged with conducting games of chance. Have you anything to say for yourself?"

"Yes, your Honour," replied the Chinaman, "me no play game of chance. Cards all marked, dice all loaded, me win every time. No chance at all."



"We shan't have any trouble getting up in the morning now, dear"

remarked, the spinster abroad has as much right to live as she pleases as you have.

Footnote

IN many ways it's a pity Miss Harriet has disappeared from the European scene. The natives never minded her oddness—deeming the Race to be all crackers anyway, and thereby merely echoing what the Race thinks of them—and she had a certain chilly reserve and breeding which a few types of modern tourist notably lack. From the standpoint of national prestige we've always thought fifty eccentric maiden ladies better than one provincial cheerio-chappie on the spree. We may be wrong.

Contretemps

BALLETOMANES are whiffing in two keys, our Sadler's Wells spies report, over that recent new ballet inspired by some of Thos. ("Misery") Hardy's poems.

The theme is jealousy in Wessex, which is easy to express choreographically. What is not so easy to express in ballet-form is the mystical essence of Hardy's total philosophy. We should do it personally by bringing on a huge hooded figure at the finale called Fate, in enormous gilt boots. Fate would signify by a succession of *entrechats coupés* and a triple *volte-face-truffée aux champignons*, that he has been overbeetling these rural dopes and that what they are asking for is a rousing kick in the pants, which they ultimately get. Everybody then falls down, the curtain descends, and the customary bouquets on sale or return are handed up.

A more cheery ending would be the entry of the Queen of the Fairies, waving her sparkling wand. This exchange would ensue in dumb show, conveyed by twirling the legs and what-not:

Q.F.: Let strife and anger vanish from the scene,
You see before you now the Fairy Queen!

FATE: Excuse me, Miss! That doesn't go in Wessex.

(The Q.F. gives him a saucy look. All right, you old sack of mush.)

Q.F.: You don't say, big shot.

FATE: Scram!

Q.F. (shaking a hip): Hay, this is Essex!

And so it turns out to be. Five miles from Billericay, the heart of Merrie England. Laughter. Cheers. A jovial country-dance. Exit Fate on all-fours, snarling.



Mrs. James Lawlor, whose husband owns several horses, and Lady Esmonde, wife of a leading Irish K.C. The principal race of the afternoon, the *la Touche* Plate, was won by Mr. H. M. Hartigan's *Woodland Star*



Mr. J. Holbech, who follows the *Warwickshire Hunt*, of which his father is chairman, and his wife, formerly Miss *Palethorpe*. They were recently married in London



Major Tommy Arnott, 15th/19th Hussars, a celebrated polo player, with Mrs. Denis Baggallay, wife of Ireland's leading amateur rider



Poole, Dublin
Lt.-Col. Sir Charles Grattan-Bellew, Bt., M.C., and Lady Grattan-Bellew. Sir Charles is a well-known Irish owner

Phoenix Park Racegoers Who Saw the *La Touche* Plate

THE scene was a train compartment in Rumania during the war. The characters were a German officer, a Rumanian officer, an old lady, and an attractive girl.

The train entered a tunnel. Passengers heard first a kiss, then a vigorous slap. The train emerged into the light again. Everyone remained silent, but the German officer had a black eye.

The old lady thought: "What a good girl she is—such a fine moral character."

The girl thought: "Isn't it odd that the German tried to kiss the old lady and not me?"

The German thought: "That Rumanian is a smart one—he steals a kiss and I get the black eye."

The Rumanian thought: "I'm a clever fellow. I kiss the back of my hand, hit a German officer, and get away with it."

AN American woman visiting in Paris before the war went to a bureau which provided American men as escorts. When informed that she could engage either a Northerner or a Southerner, she asked the difference, and was told that the Southerners were gallant and debonair, while the Northerners were smooth talkers and romantic.

"Well, then," she said, "I'll take a Southerner from as far north as possible!"

AN elderly minister thought it advisable to marry. Calling on one of his elders to inform him of his intention, he said: "You see, I'm an old man now and I cannot expect to be here very long, so I feel that when the time comes I would like to have someone to close my eyes."

"Aweel," replied the elder, "I've had twa, and I can tell ye they opened mine."



MAURICE McLOUGHLIN

"Albert—speak to me!"



W. Dennis Moss

THE OPENING MEET of the Royal Agricultural College Beagles, at Cirencester. They hunt over the V.W.H. and Beaufort country. The beagles are in fine condition, and a very good season is expected under the Mastership of Mr. Russell Freeland. Formed in 1889, the pack was dispersed during the First World War but was started again in 1923

Pictures in the Fire

Sabretache

THOSE who have never met him call him a "Sheek." Himself he pronounces it "Shake." The gentlemen on the North-West Frontier of India, who have recently been so brusque to a valiant and enthusiastic politician, call themselves Málíks, and are the counterpart of the Sheik. They are totally dissimilar from the gorgeous and glamorous person usually presented to us by Hollywood. A pen-picture of a frontier chieftain as he really is may be apposite to recent events. Here is one taken from the diary of the late Major-General Sir John Fowler, R.E., who, with the then Lieutenant Edwardes, who was then commanding a detachment of the Kashmir Rifles, was treacherously taken prisoner at a faked polo match at a frontier post at Reshun about the beginning of the Chitral operations of 1895.

Polite Trouble-maker

It is the description of one Sher Afzal, who, with Umra Khan, was one of the promoters of the whole trouble. Fowler and Edwardes were taken to see Sher Afzal, and this is what the former recorded:

An escort of 40 men armed with loaded rifles went with us and, to our surprise, marched into the room in which Sher Afzal was, and formed up along one side. Sher Afzal was sitting on a mat with a loaded Martini in his lap and about thirty armed followers crowded behind him. He was a shortish man of about fifty with a very Jewish face, with a cunning expression. He was in spotlessly clean white with an indigo blue lungi (puggree) on his head and the customary Pathan cap beneath it. His manner was rather good. After greeting us and expressing regret for the manner in which we had been captured, he offered us green tea and some very good little cakes rather like scones, which we accepted. He then explained at considerable length his view of the situation in Chitral and the events that led up to it. According to his own account, he had been most forbearing and had only acted in self-defence.

This last, of course, was not true, as I happen to know. These "Sheeks" of the Frontier are not as uncivilised as Mr. Nehru has asserted. They have very good manners. Unquestionably they are apt to be awkward with people they do not like.

Incidentally, "Roddy" Owen was a war correspondent on that Chitral show, and the animated hearthrug of a pony, which he bought, was, of course, christened Father O'Flynn. That was the name of the horse upon which "Roddy" won the Grand National of 1892. The late Sir John Fowler was a brother of Captain Harry Fowler, the famous Master of the Meath for so many years, and quite one of the best men who ever rode over that formidable country.

And now a study of the picturesque Umra Khan himself as Sir John Fowler saw him during his captivity:

The picture is stamped on my memory. Umra Khan sat on a rock which overhung the cliff of the Chitral River rushing along 100 ft. below; beyond was a Ziarat (tomb) with red and white flags flying. The sun was nearly setting over the mountains, and the long shadows of the glistening snow peaks were thrown over the steep-sided valley, making them appear a deep purple colour. Umra Khan sat cross-legged, dressed in spotless white with a blue lungi over his shoulders. About three feet in front of him squatted a Mullah (priest) with his knees up to his chin and clasping his knees with his arms. The Mullah had a long, solemn face with thick lips, and as Umra Khan read aloud from the Korán he, without any book, corrected every slip or mispronunciation. The Korán itself was a beautifully-written little book in Persian, with clean pages and broad, white margins. Behind him [U.K.] stood and sat his guard and some of his counsellors, fine-looking wild Pathans, all armed to the teeth with sword, knife and rifle. When the setting sun was sinking, Umra Khan and some of them stood up in line with the Mullah in front to pray. The Mussulman prayers are long, and at intervals the forehead is bowed to the ground and kept there during a portion of the prayer.

The Mussulman, as is known, faces towards Mecca, and the sight of a large body at their devotions is impressive, especially in a Himalayan setting. Sir John Fowler's touch is very deft.

Frontier Raid: Sealed Pattern

It is usually a "Late Night Final," and the method of it probably has not changed with the passing of the years. The gang, led usually by a gentleman with a price upon his head, is composed of "professionals," with a liberal sprinkling of young bloods who are only too ready to adopt a get-rich-quick career, and are likewise attracted by the adventure of it all.

First of all, the target is selected: some defenceless village in a supposedly safe locality where dwell those who have money: bankers—usurers, in plain language—who have lent money to the "peaceful" farmer. The most accurate "griff" or "gen" is a prerequisite to the undertaking, and, probably months before the "off," expert scouts have been hard at work taking note of everything down to the last door-knob.

Then, one night during the dark side of the moon, the leader presses the button. They do not advance *en masse* like the robbers in *Chu Chin Chow*, but stealthily in two's and three's, with their weapons carefully concealed. The village is encircled, and though the faithful watchdogs do their best to raise the alarm, it is far too late: the main gate has been forced; the sleepy village watchman's "Who are ye?" is answered by a volley sweeping the main street and no notice whatever is taken of the valiant "Dogberry's" blunderbuss; and the work really begins.

They move quickly to the business premises of the wealthiest citizen; a hammer from a rifle-butt, if unheeded, is followed by a shot through the panel; the terrified merchant unbars the door; swears that he is a poor man with not a red cent in the world; a prick from a Pathan knife induces him to think again; he lifts a brick from the floor, disclosing the way to his not insignificant hoard of greasy notes and blackened rupees; his shrieks for mercy are answered by a knife buried hilt-deep in his fat paunch; his screaming wife is quickly silenced with a bullet—and the gang move on to the next dump! The village guard may then start letting off everything they possess, from an ancient Snider to an even more ancient Jezail, but it is all too late and the gang melt away into the hills with the plunder as silently as they came. Everything has been done with the utmost precision.

Sometimes, of course, things go wrong; someone has played Judas, and put the Border Police or the Khyber Rifles wise, and then it becomes anyone's guess as to how it pans out; but as a rule the surprise is admirably planned. These are some of the many headaches for anyone who may try to run "the brightest gem in the Imperial Diadem"—Lord Curzon's eloquent description! The late Sir Alfred Hamilton Grant of Dalvey, who was the twelfth baronet of that ancient house, and for many years Secretary to the Chief Commissioner of the North-West Frontier Province, once wrote in an admirable story in *Blackwood*:

It all sounds rather foolish and unnecessary. But the genius who will solve the problem of administering a border with fat settled districts on the one side, and with robber-haunted, tumultuous hills on the other without such incidents, will deserve after his name all the letters of the alphabet, and more thanks even than a grateful country has accorded Clive or Hastings.

Playboys

SOMETIMES, of course, it has happened that a show has been put up just to frighten any enthusiastic globe-trotter, Paget, M.P., or somebody who wants to write a book telling the world that it is all sheer nonsense about this savagery on the frontier. There was one arranged leg-pull designed to convince one of these learned gentlemen that the reports were not fairy-tales. It was only intended that the sportsmen behind the rocks should use blank ammunition, but when the author and his escort were in the range of the rifles the temptation was too much, and they slipped a live cartridge into the breach.

A rifle is worth many wives on the frontier, and one really could hardly blame these gentlemen when they saw an easy haul. The author, M.P. or whatnot, as a matter of fact, managed to get out of it alive, even though some of the escort and their horses did not. He was very lucky. They are the devil's own playboys!

SCOREBOARD



HOW soon will Sport take a hint from James Caesar (Compulsory Concerts) Petrillo, purveyor-in-chief of involuntary voluntaries to the United States, or, as he might prefer to be called, President of the American Federation of Musicians? Petrillo has

shown us that in Britain, job-making—a man to hold the hammer and a boy to carry the nails—is still in its puling infancy. If James Caesar took a vacation from the Land of Freedom he'd find much here that is ripe for a shaking.

Our golf, for instance; he wouldn't like it. Tory capitalists carrying their own bags from bunker to bunker while proletarians prowling jobless round the caddie-hut. James Caesar would have a system of Compulsory Caddies before you could whistle the first line of "The Best Things in Life Are Free." Four caddies to each golfer; one for the irons, one for the woods, a third to give the right line, and a fourth to give the wrong one. A guinea a head, and five shillings for lunch.

Our Soccer, too, is understaffed. He'd soon have eight referees. Four for each quarter of the field in the first half. Another four in the second. And sixteen linesmen. As to fishing, he might stick at a labour personnel of three. One to carry the worms, another to put them on the hook, and an assistant piscatorial technician, with very long arms, to measure uncaught fish. Hail, Caesar! *Gaudeamus Igitur.*

REVERTING, as the orators say, from river to links, the Calcot Golf Club conquered austerity recently with a ten-a-side match which they won against the Oxford University Divots. To assemble in one place twenty players with some eighty golf balls, is a performance. To refresh them twice both solidly and fluidly is a triumph. The Clubhouse, built when William Pitt I. was raising the steam necessary to save England, is also an hotel.

The top player for the Divots was G. H. Micklem, semi-finalist in this year's Amateur Championship. Some fifteen years ago, when he was in the Oxford golf team, Micklem was little more than an irascible hooker. By assiduity and taking the right advice, he has achieved an unusual degree of technical and temperamental control. I wish that the obstacled herd of green-crawlers and wind-testers could have seen his match with Flight Lieutenant McReedy, a plus one golfer from Portrush. Only the fittest could keep up with them. Micklem, though often outdriven, won by his more accurate iron-play and putting. Some of the finest golf was played, for the Divots, by Raymond Oppenheimer; better than ever at forty.

SPORTING impasse. Mr. Eli Chump, outside-right of our local Draughts Club, has asked to be placed on the Open transfer list, owing to the deterioration and disappearance of pieces in the Roaring Forties, the Club's playing centre. His manager, Mr. Fred Boot, told a spokesman of the Draughts Arbitration and Amelioration Tribunal: "You can't expect Eli to give of his best when playing with brace-buttons, ink-bottle stoppers, and pieces of discarded cheese. It's undemocratic."

Chump himself, who is also a noted fog-sifter, was downing a pint when interviewed, and remarked: "My lips are sealed at present. Can't you see?" He is ambidextrous, and gave up Darts when he took one half-way up from behind while discussing the Grand National with a sporting associate.

R. R. L. Glasgow



Oxford's Golf Captain, Fraser Macdonald, of Balliol, was a Major in the Highland Division and was a prisoner in Germany for five years after Dunkirk. His wife was formerly Miss "Willie" White, and she, too, is a keen golfer

Married Blues

Post-war Oxford and Cambridge are vigorous and optimistic, and not the least of their sources of strength are the young married ex-Servicemen, fond of sport and the open air, who are starting or resuming their University careers. Some of them are shown here

Photographs by D. R. Stuart



Rory the Retriever with his owners, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Moore. Mr. Moore, a Rugby Blue of Brasenose, served in the R.A.F. and met his wife (née Joanna Greenup) when she was an officer in the W.A.A.F. They live at Iffley, near Oxford



Cambridge Rugby three-quarter. Ellis Williams (Bromsgrove and Emmanuel) and his Rhodesian wife. They met in Italy when Mr. Williams was in the H.A.C. and Mrs. Williams, then Miss Gardiner, was driving an ambulance



Rhodes Scholar Sidney Newman has come from Wits University, South Africa, to Exeter College, Oxford, where he is playing back for the Rugby XV. Mrs. Newman, formerly Miss Howie, arrived recently from the Cape to join him



"Taffy" Harcourt, another Brasenose Rugby Blue, is also a Rhodes Scholar, from Natal University. Taken prisoner while in the South African Army, he met his wife, formerly Joyce Davies, at an A.T.S. dance on the first night he was freed



The South Oxfordshire at
"The Coach and Horses"

More like a scene in spring than November, the South Oxfordshire are here moving off from "The Coach and Horses," Chislehampton, with one of the Joint Masters, Major R. G. Fanshawe, in the foreground. The hunt dates back to 1845, when Lord Macclesfield became the first Master, and the best centre for it is Oxford

ELIZABETH BOWEN'S BOOK REVIEWS

"Four Studies in Loyalty"

"The Campaign in Burma"

"To Bed with Grand Music"

THE capacity for loyalty must be latent in everyone who is not a moral defective. Some people, however, show the capacity to be loyal in a more constant and more developed form. We all know what we mean when, in describing a friend, we add—"and, he [or she] is extraordinarily loyal." To whom, to what?

We may infer that the average Britisher is a loyal subject of the King. The loyalty one has noted in a friend probably relates either to oneself or to a succession of personal cases one has reason to know of. But it is a fact that, in the majority of human beings, loyalty may, like courage, remain a latent, untried-out virtue. It can come into action only in answer to a demand. It needs a context; it needs an object.

Just as it is the tragedy of some people that they carry round with them an enormous capacity to love for which chance or life has provided no worthy outlet, so there are those

whose power to be loyal accumulates in them, useless and unfulfilled. Or, is this so? The temperamentally loving person usually finds something on which to fix the feeling—a dog or cat, a remote relation, a sometimes unappreciative friend. In the same way, temperamental loyalty casts around till it finds and attaches itself to some idea or object—however bizarre, however fictitious, however delusive, however heart-breaking in the long run.

The curious psychological well-being (one would not dare call it happiness) that a number of people find in time of war has, I think, this explanation: both courage and loyalty gain the wanted focus. "Big feelings" can, while a war lasts, dominate life. The wastage, the frustration, the cynicism of ordinary, day-to-day, peacetime existence is not felt.

Christopher Sykes does well, at the close of war, in presenting us with his *Four Studies in Loyalty* (Collins; 12s. 6d.). He has assembled, under this heading, three characters and, lastly

a group of people who have nothing in common but this virtue—or, should one call it power, or gift?

THE author's uncle (or great-uncle?), another Christopher Sykes; a disreputable Persian called Bahram Kirmani; the late Robert Byron, and the small town and neighbouring country people of a Vosges district during the second Battle of France are the subjects of the four studies. The range, you will see, is wide. As writing, I find the two first pieces the most brilliant; the third (as the study of a contemporary and friend) the most interesting but at the same time inconclusive, and the fourth, the most valuable and most moving.

The author brings to this book his individual background and personality, and at once inherent and trained respect for the human soul, and considerable intellectual and social sophistication. Sophistication, of both kinds, dominates the pictures of the uncle and of the Persian.

It is impossible, for instance, to read of the costly adherence of the late Christopher Sykes to his friendship with the Prince of Wales who became Edward VII. without thinking, "What a subject for Proust!"—and inevitably, surely, from time to time the same thought must have crossed the mind of the author?

Equally, Bahram—with his ski-ing cap and his rich, preposterous past—cries out to be a Max Beerbohm subject: the omission of a Beerbohmian angle on him would be an injustice, and it is an injustice of which the Persian's chronicler is not guilty. The portrait of Robert Byron is in a different medium from its two predecessors: suavity, mirth (however rueful) and accomplishment are less in evidence—instead, we have a serious search for the continuity of the inner life of a man, and an establishment of the meaning, and the importance, of that too brief life to the remaining world.

The last, French, study has a soldierly simplicity about it: it has been well called "In Times of Stress." There is, however, more—something, perhaps a peculiar appreciation of the oddness of human character, differentiates this account of Vosges Resistance types from other war writing.

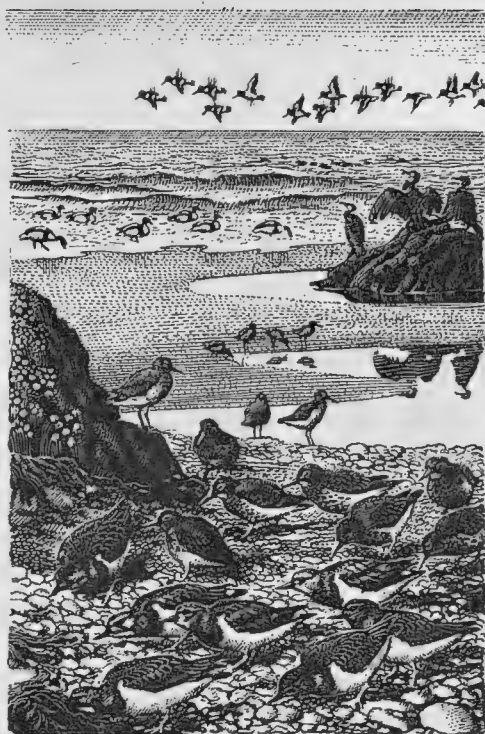
THE Yorkshire gentleman who sacrificed his wealth, his independence and ultimately his life to the whims of a far from considerate Royal friend; the decayed ex-Balliol undergraduate in distant Persia; the brilliant and contradictory traveller, scholar and writer, and the forest-enfolded French under German rule all had their loyalties put to severe tests.

The then Prince of Wales's ragging of his patient, gold-bearded friend, the preposterous princely demands on a private purse, curdle one's blood: what an epoch, and what a set! The increasing uncertainty, by all showing, as to whether, in fact, Bahram ever had been at Balliol serves only to give an increased value, and pathos, to Bahram's idealisation of all things English—and this in a Persia ever more anglophobe. The war scene—Bahram's turning down of the Nazi press attaché's gilded offer to sell his knowledge of England for Nazi purposes—is poignant, given Bahram's derelict state. The talkative old irreclaimable, drunk and pimp, deserves this place he is given in the annals of honour.

In the Robert Byron essay, with its necessarily more complicated explorations and analysis, the loyalties are less simple: the tests are obvious. As for the French of the Vosges, their fidelity to a cause, their unflinching support of the British behind the German lines, stood up to long strain and brief but frightful ordeals. The author, who was among those parachuted into the Vosges forests, to depend both for effectiveness and for life itself upon the local inhabitants, should know.

"FOUR STUDIES IN LOYALTY" is not an easy book to review—less in spite than because of the fact that it is so easy to read. It is full of passages that one longs to quote, and incidents upon which one would wish to dwell. It is salutary, if saddening, in its debunkings—both of the eighteenth century and of the Edwardian period. It is full of enticing sidelines, such as its passages on architecture. It is morally, I think, an important book.

It is most of all likeable—or I find it so—for its quality of almost scraggy, raw humour, and for what one feels to be an inherited as well as a personal adult point of view. The oddity and contrariety of human nature, its defections from principle and its rallyings, come out in all four of the studies. Most of all, perhaps, in the non-heroicised picture of the Resistance people. The author is as good



in accounts of action—for instance, that of a "droppage" in the Vosges—as he is in analysis of a state of mind.

LIEUT.-COLONEL FRANK OWEN, O.B.E., has written the text of *The Campaign in Burma*, which, illustrated by ninety-three photographs, is published by H.M. Stationery Office at 2s. This is the official account. But how misleading the word "official" is—it might suggest dry efficiency, facts, figures and diagrams from which the human element has been drained off.

Actually, we should be out of date in expecting this: with every year of the war the services giving information to the public became more and more enlightened. Graphic descriptive writers and first-rate photographers were employed: vivid photography and "live" writing not only kept us, to an extent, informed, but addressed themselves to our imaginations. While the war lasted, information only *could* be to an extent. Not more than a corner of the curtain of secrecy over any theatre of war could be displaced—only part of the truth could be told us, however well.

Now comes the time for the whole truth, the opportunity to obtain an entire view. In the case of all campaigns this is needed; in the case of some it is overdue. It is overdue in the case of Burma. That campaign, for the years that it was in progress, remained distant from Britishers at home: it was seldom, if ever, in the foreground of the news. I do not think it would be too much to say that many people did not realise its importance or the conditions under which it was being fought. Or, if they grasped its importance—if only from the fact that it was being continued with, for a long time, little to show—they failed to grasp why it was important.

The map of Burma, with its long reach of unindented coastline and complicated altitude-markings, was hard to visualise; the Burmese place-names (with the exception of Mandalay) rang for the ordinary reader no bell of association. The dreadful climate, the impossibility (by all ordinary terms) for fighting and

the impassibility of great parts of the country could only be described in superlatives—and to superlatives one does cease to react.

Add to this the psychological fact that Britain's humiliation (as it may now plainly be called) at the hands of the Japanese at the beginning of 1942, got under our skins and created a sort of complex on the entire subject of South-East Asia. So much so that even after the tide had turned (or, better, after a turn of the tide had been forced), South-East Asia remained the operational theatre at which civilians in England least willingly looked—or which, from the habit of not looking, they remained least able to see. Could we wonder—and did we feel quite guiltless—when there came to us, from the Burma fighters, the cry that they were "forgotten men"?

COLONEL OWEN, now, supplies everything necessary for an understanding of the Burma campaign. I do not intend to comment, loosely and emotionally, on the effect this book had on me; and it would be impertinent to predict the effect it will have on you. Not the least glorious of his chapters is the first and darkest: a picture of the original retreat, in its grim order.

The Campaign in Burma is divided into four parts: The Retreat, Build Up, The Road Back, and Epilogue. He gives pictures of personalities, well or little known; he describes marches, battles, fighting conditions. The shape, the successive movements of the campaign, its objectives, and its obstacles are made clear. Not least important is his account of the psychological build up, its nature and method: a key chapter is "The Birth of S.E.A.C." The fantastic mixture of primitiveness and ultra-modernity in the campaign is stressed.

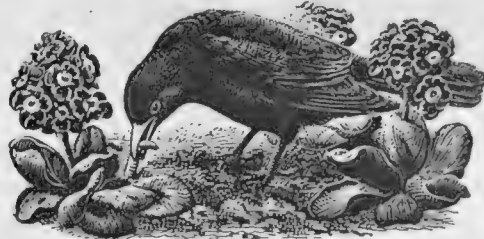
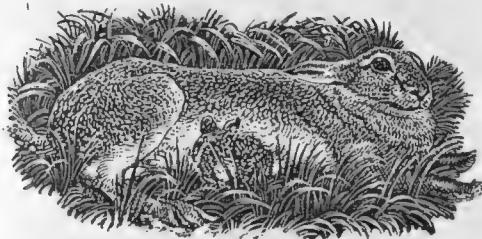
Such [he sums up, near the end] was the war in Burma, ranging from the rocket-bomb to the bow and spear, relying equally at times upon the Dakota and the elephant. The wireless-set in the basha spanned the earth—and the picket was killed by a grenade lobbed from a foxhole six yards away. It was war against Nature—rain, mist, mud and the blazing sun. It was war against savages, waged in a wilderness. The jungle had its own strange beauty, but it was evil: a place of treachery and terror, dark, dank and sour. At night this world came alive, and the sentry was alone in it.

It was a motley crusade. White men, brown, black and yellow marched under one banner, and only the quartermasters kept count of the different religions. Soldiers of fifty different races fought and fell at this distant post, many of them unseen, some even unknown. If men were brave, few witnessed it; if they had quit, it would often have been unobserved. All depended on the soldier and how he bore himself, and each fighter had to conquer his own heart.

"If men were brave. . . ." If ever men were brave! This great little book is a tribute to great fighters: the tribute their friends desire and they deserve.

SARAH RUSSELL shows courage, in her first novel, in taking on a worthless little heroine. *To Bed with Grand Music* (Pilot Press; 7s. 6d.) might be sub-titled, "Deborah's Downfall": it is the ruthlessly told story of an unfaithful war wife, and of the self-deceptions under cover of which she pursues her career of shame. Its cleverness is disfigured from time to time by a certain emotional vulgarity, inseparable from the character of the heroine. But it is light, acid, bracing and, I must say, amusing. Its moral—except for the suggestion that you wake up in the mornings feeling slightly less awful if you are moral—seems to be nil.

The illustrations on this page are from *Wandering with Nomad*, by Norman Ellison (University of London Press; 6s.). Mr. Ellison ("Nomad" of the B.B.C.) is one of our keenest observers of nature, and his adventures with bird and animal life of the countryside and seashore are an unqualified pleasure to read. Those twin snares of the naturalist, platitudes and sentimentalism, are avoided with an instinct as sure as that of the creatures he writes about, and he is well served by Mr. C. F. Tunnicliffe's sensitive and meticulous drawings



GETTING MARRIED

The "Tatler and Bystander's"
Review of Weddings

Hay — Peake

Lieut. David George Montague Hay, R.N.R., only son of the late Lieut.-Colonel Lord and Lady Edward Hay, and stepson of Lady Edward Hay, of Hill Hall, Essex, married Miss Sonia Mary Peake, second daughter of Mr. Osbert Peake, M.P., and Lady Joan Peake, at St. Margaret's, Westminster



Hicks — Say

The wedding took place at St. Andrew's Cathedral, Singapore, of Commander R. B. N. Hicks, D.S.C., R.N., of St. Columb, Cornwall, and Junior Commander Joan Margaret Say, A.T.S., of Hampstead, London. (Above) The Acting Allied Supreme Commander, Lieut.-General Sir Montague Stopford, Mrs. Egerton, Commander and Mrs. Hicks, Senior Officer E. Lawrence, A.T.S., Rear-Admiral H. J. Egerton, Flag Officer, Malaya



Turnbull — Goodwin

Major John Wilfred Turnbull, The Rifle Brigade, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Turnbull, of Northwood, married Miss Catherine Ada Goodwin, elder daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. E. G. M. Goodwin, of Dunstan House, Worcestershire, in London



Crankshaw — Stirling

Major John Anthony Crankshaw, M.C., 11th Hussars, only son of Colonel Sir Eric Crankshaw, K.C.M.G., M.B.E., married Miss Elspeth L. Stirling, only daughter of Colonel and Mrs. W. F. Stirling, of 75, Knightsbridge, London, S.W.1



Ramsden — Boydell

Mr. Geoffrey Millar Ramsden, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Ramsden, of Bolton, married Miss Diana Muriel Boydell, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Boydell, of Hale, Cheshire, at St. Peter's Church, Hale



Whigham — Wells

Mr. Francis Robert Whigham, eldest son of Mr. W. K. Whigham, of 14, Hyde Park Gardens, W.2, married Miss Pamela Wells, only daughter of Lieut.-Commander and Mrs. Geoffrey Wells, of Brackenhill, Scawby, Lincolnshire, at St. James's, Spanish Place

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Fashion Page by Winifred Lewis

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Award for War Work

Mrs. W. Baruch of New York, a recent visitor to London, on whom H.M. the King has conferred the King's Medal. She worked for five and a half years organizing and running the book section of the British War Relief Society, personally collecting a million and a quarter books which were shipped to Allied Forces all over the world.

Game Warden—talking ABOUT ANIMALS

THE llama may be said to be almost a combination of camel and sheep. It has the woolly coat of the latter, and the same supercilious expression as the camel.

Used as beasts of burden for centuries, llamas have all the camel's obstinacy, but, handled kindly, and gentled, they can quite easily be trained to draw small carts for the kiddies, or to allow youngsters to ride them saddled. They originated from Peru, where the South American Indians used them extensively to carry merchandise across the mountains. Sure-footed and unaffected by altitude, they were invaluable to the early settlers. On paths which neither the ass nor mule could negotiate, the llama could go without hesitation or stumble.

The llama has one failing which is common to all the camel tribe—obstinacy. If it does not want to get going, it will turn and spit in the face of its driver. In addition, its forelegs can deliver a very vicious kick. It is a strong "union man," and if its burden exceeds the regulation 125 lb., it will lie down and nothing on earth will make it move until relieved of the overweight!

The wool of the llama gave rise to a thriving Yorkshire industry in comparatively recent times. When it was first sent over to England there were at first no buyers for it at all, but Sir Titus Salt, a



The llama, though it has unpleasant habits, earns its keep both as a pack animal and as a supplier of wool

well-known Bradford industrialist, decided to make experiments with samples. He installed special machinery and trained chosen operatives, and in due course he produced alpaca, a woven material that is very hard-wearing. Llama wool thus came to be used in large quantities, and will undoubtedly be widely used again as soon as transport eases.

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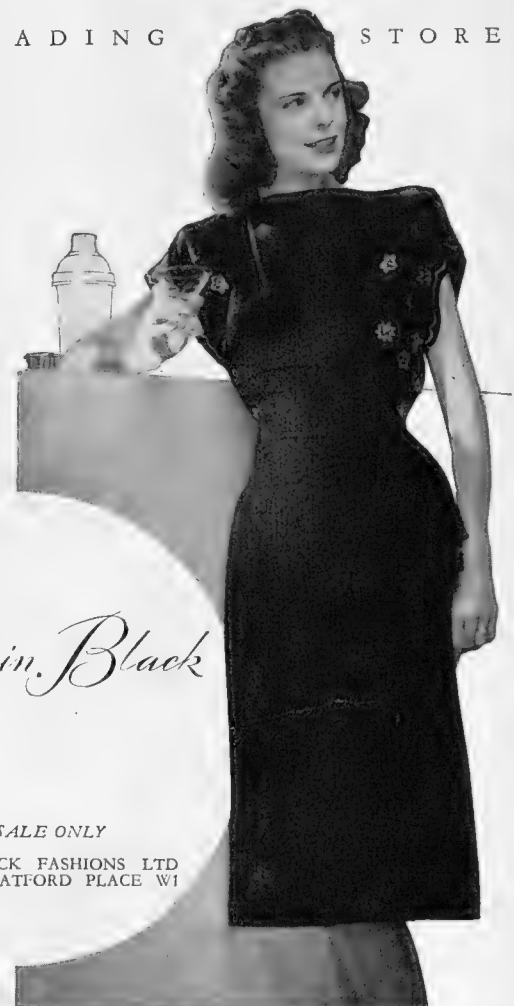
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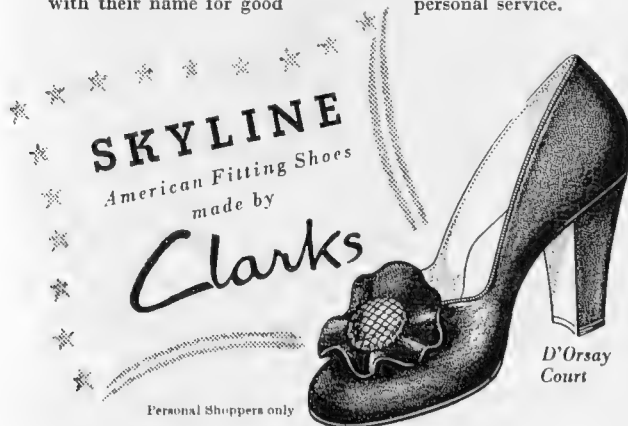
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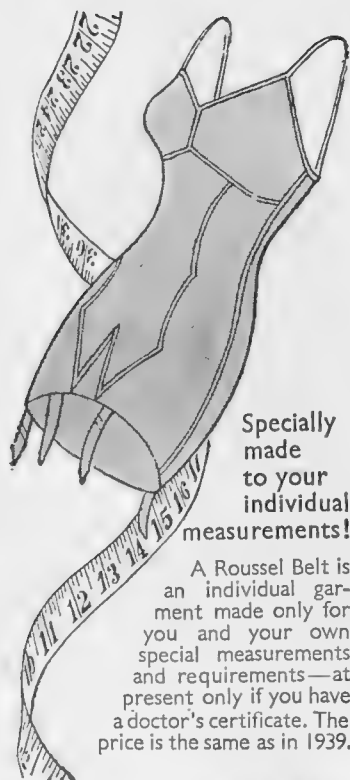
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Oliver Stewart ON FLYING

IN taking a third of the whole space in the Grand Palais for the 17th Salon de l'Aéronautique, which opens in Paris within the next few days, the British aircraft industry has given other industries—indeed the whole country—a helping hand. I mean that the good effects of a fine British exhibit in Paris extend far beyond aviation. They help in building up an overall reputation for high quality goods.

It was just the same with the world speed record. Donaldson's 991 kilometres an hour (616 m.p.h.) produced a general impression in the world at large which may in the end be of more value to this country than the special impression. People abroad recognized in the speed record work technical daring, constructional ability and a progressive spirit. It should, I think, be much the same at the Paris show.

There will be visitors in Paris from all over the world, and they will have it brought home to them by the British exhibits that England is neither tired nor incapable of a high order of technical and manufacturing achievement.

Impressive British Display

IN the Grand Palais itself there will be the static exhibits, and at an aerodrome close to Paris, probably Villacoublay, there will be the actual flying. There will be seven British aeroplanes in the Grand Palais and many gas turbines.

The *clou* will be the actual world record Meteor, number EE549. Then there will be a Sea Fury, a Firefly, a Gemini, a Prentice, the AW52G glider and another Meteor. The gas turbines will include all the British makes; the D.H. Ghost and Goblin, the Rolls-Royce Derwent and Nene, the Metro-Vick F2/4, the Armstrong Siddeley Python and Mamba.

There will also be a good display of piston engines, and it is particularly satisfactory that Blackburn are to show their Cirrus, because this engine is one that might find a place in some of the Continental designs of personal aeroplane. Then there will be the Alvis Leonides, an engine which is going to win a high reputation in some kinds of transport work, the Bristol Centaurus and Hercules, and the Napier Sabre. There will be a 100-ft. long fuselage of a Tudor II, and various mock-ups—especially one of a wing of the new Saunders-Roe flying boat.

But listing the exhibits is boring. The exhibits themselves will be the thing; and I feel sure that they have been well selected and will produce a notable effect. Already the French air papers are discussing the use of British gas turbines in French aircraft.

The Show and the Sideshows

IN one respect the Paris aero show has changed, and it will seem very different to those in British aviation who remember the pre-war events. This change has to do with the associated fun and games. Paris has always been regarded as the best place for an international show because of its gaiety. But now Paris is becoming a prude. It seems hardly possible, yet it is true.

French people with whom I discussed it said it was the result of American and British influence. The puritanically lifted Anglo-Saxon eyebrow seems at last to have had its effect. After the aero show this year people in British aviation who go over will not return with the stories of wild parties they used to bring back.

Where Gatwick Scores

IT is good news that Gatwick airport is to open as the charter airport of London. The Government, in the Civil Aviation Act, has undertaken to provide charter facilities as good as the facilities provided for the three Corporations. And a better choice for the charter facilities than Gatwick could not have been made.

Gatwick is in the direction of the Continent, hence flying time is cut down, and it has its railway link, hence terminal transport time is also cut down. The Charter lines using Gatwick ought to be able to offer something very special in the way of overall speed.

It is conceivable, indeed, that Gatwick may have a very big effect on other airports. If, for instance, road traffic congestion gets much worse, then the terminal time from Heathrow, Northolt or Croydon will go up to an absurd figure. The coaches will have to crawl most of the way. It seems possible that it may take as much as an hour and a half to get to central London from London's schedule line airports.

But so long as the Southern Railway keeps swinging along in the normal manner, there will be no such heavy delays from Gatwick. Which makes me think that the Corporations ought perhaps to run a charter line from Heathrow to Gatwick and carry their passengers on there to enable them to get to central London more quickly!

In any event charter service operation from Gatwick should provide statistical information about terminal services which will be of the highest importance. My belief is that it will prove that we ought never to have laid out London's airport at Heathrow. The concept should have been quite different and should have taken in terminal communications.



Mr. John Cunningham, the war-time night fighter ace and holder of a triple D.S.O., and D.F.C. and bar, has been appointed Mr. Geoffrey de Havilland's successor as the company's chief test pilot. He is twenty-nine

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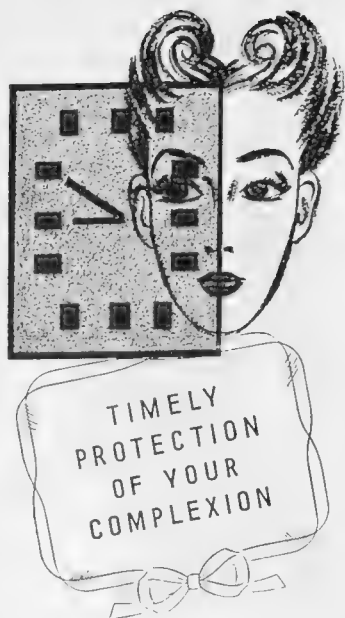
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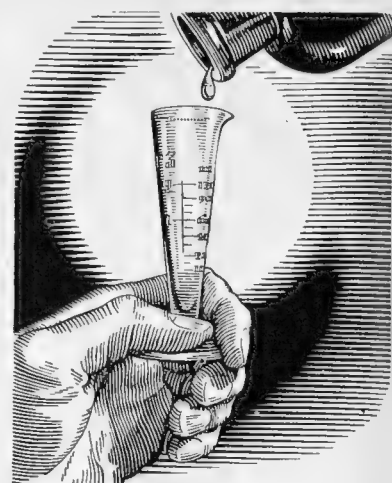
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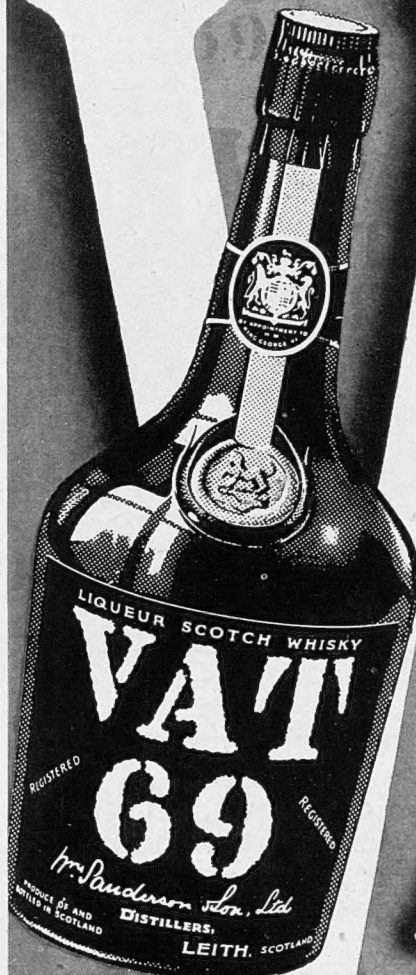
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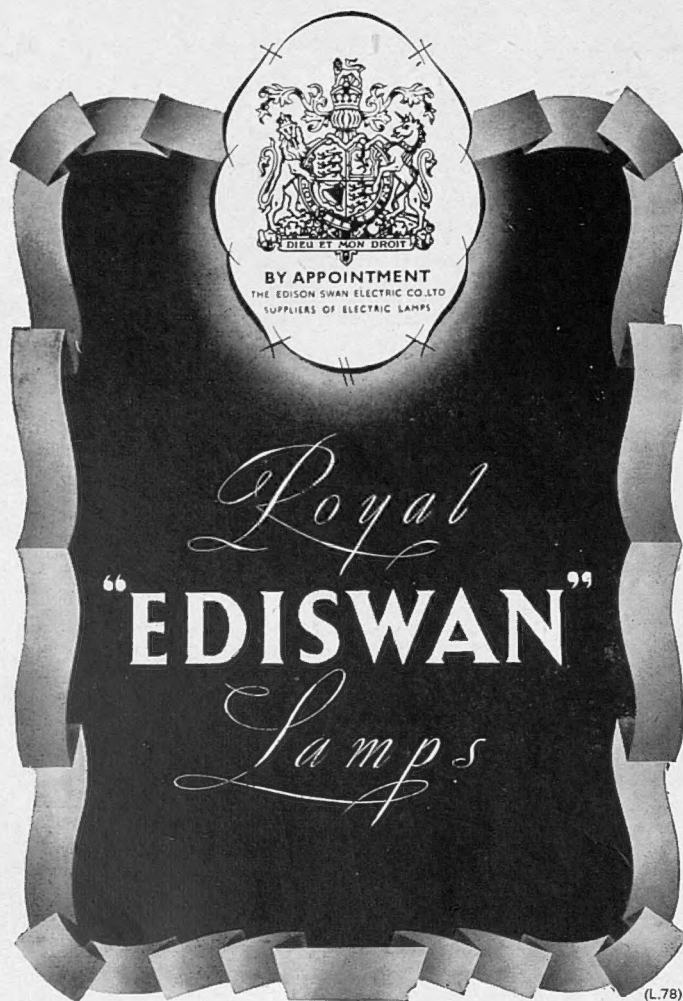


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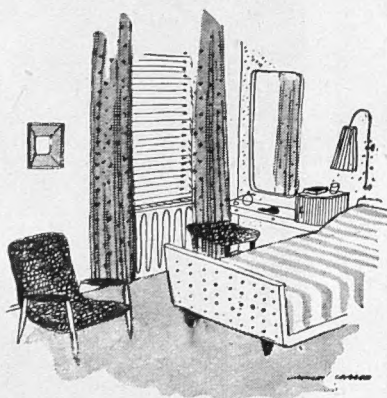
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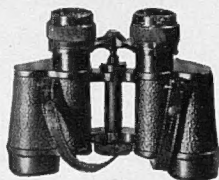
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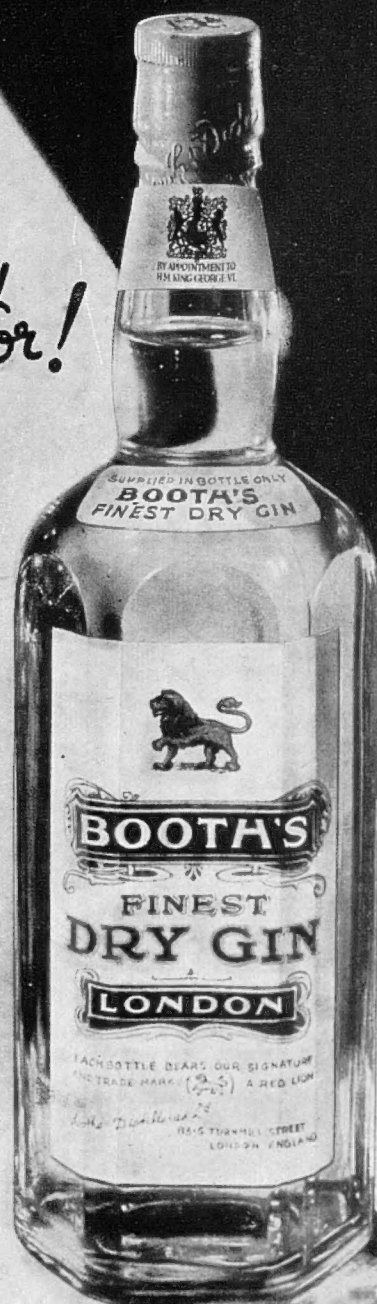
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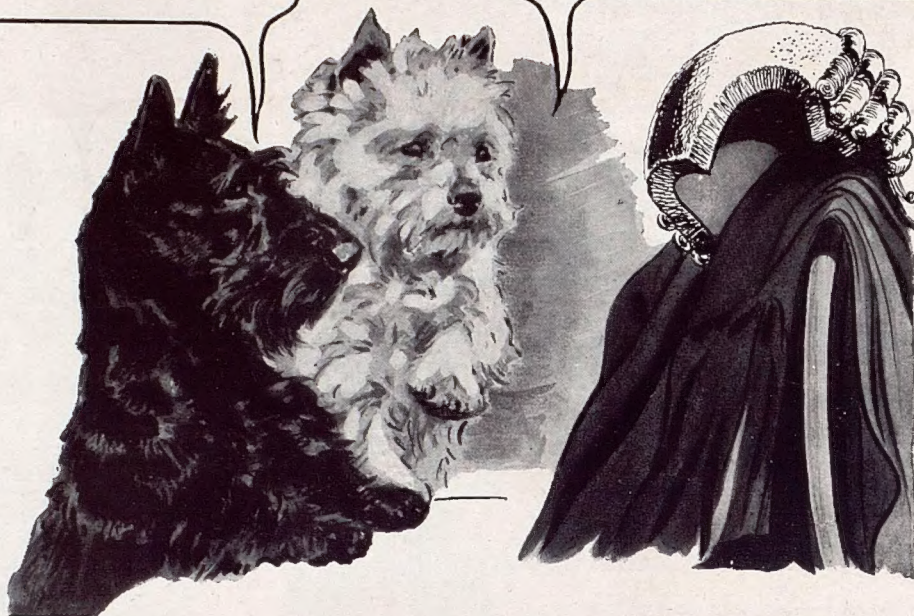


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